THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. HARLEY, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY DE WILDE.

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

☞ In Number XCVIII. being the last number of the sixteenth volume, will be inserted the Biographical Accounts of Mr. Harley, Mr. R. Palmer, and Mrs. Glover.

MORTIMER is requested to accept our acknowledgments for his constant attention.

PADDY's communication with respect to the song in Measure for Measure in our next.

In our next, also, Mr. Seymour's valuable Notes upon Shakspere will be continued.

We compassionate the condition of Namekits; but we cannot insert his poetry.

The Lines by T. G. are in a similar predicament.

The Character of the Chief Consul of France is extended to a length which far exceeds the limits of our publication.

O. Z. is very right. We are still behind-hand with our poetry; but we can only bring up our arrears by degrees, and we must continue to entreat the patience of our correspondents.

SELIMA's directions shall be punctually observed.

To the author of a *Tale of Horror*, we can only say, with Hamlet, "Oh horrible! horrible! most horrible!"

Incognito may rely on our secrecy, should he think proper to confide in us.

We beg to be favoured with the continuation of *Tintern Abbey* as soon as convenient to the author.

Tim Tart's original epigram is a miserable translation from Martial.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

In the account of the meteor, p. 233, l. 14 from bottom, read between *nu* and *zeta* Serpentarii.

P. 270, l. 7 of the sonnet, read "of star, when winds."

THE

MONTHLY MIRROR,

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

THOMAS KING, ESQ.

Continued from v. ix. p. 262.

On Mr. King's appointment to the situation of acting manager at Drury Lane, he spoke the following dramatic olio.

Most potent, grave, and reverend Signors,
My very noble, and approv'd good masters!
That I have ta'en the charge of this *old* house
It is most true, true I am manager;
The very head and front of my proceeding
Hath this extent, no more: light am I in my speech,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself: yet, by your patience——
I'll pursue my intent in some whimsical measure,
And vary my style, and my metre, at pleasure.

As soon as the winterly season's begun,
To pelt birds in the country, and bards in the town,
In some good-natur'd paper, perhaps, may appear,
(For some such there are, though I own they are rare)
"On the sev'nteenth, one theatre opens for certain,
"Great matters are planning behind either curtain,
"Much bustle and sport, we may venture t' assure you,
"And our old friend, Tom King, takes the helm at old Drury."

A new system of government here, as at court,
Is bandied about by the public for sport,
And each forms conjectures of what will ensue,
And each says "his own will prove certainly true."

In a play-going family, west of the town,
The whole group at breakfast sat leisurely down;
"Heyday!" says Sir Harry, the newspaper reading,
"Why, my Lord, here's a new-fangled mode of proceeding.
"Here's Drury-Lane house, which we all of us love,
"Is going some wonderful changes to prove;
"*What's-his-name there*,—the witty—retires, by my soul,
"And Tom King has the management now of the whole."—

"A sweet figure he'll make in't," (says Lady Fidfad,)—
"That he will," says Sir Harry, "my Lady, by Gad;"
"The man must be surely depriv'd of his reason:
"In his Ogleby, ma'am, I beheld him last season;
"I little expected to hear of him more,
"King, now, without question, is turn'd of threescore,
"And at this time of day, too, to take up the rule!
"He thinks 'tis as easy as playing the fool!"—
"Hold, hold," says my Lord, who sat list'ning beside,
"Let time shew the proof, and let reason decide;
"An admirer and friend of our Roscius so long,
"He cannot, methinks, go entirely wrong."

Strait bawls out *young master*, as loud as he's able,
His chin popping up, just abreast of the table,
Interrupting the whole conversation: "O, la!
"Is not that, pray, mamma, the same man that I saw
"In the play where the wrestling and tumbling appears,
"In the red and blue coat, with the strange ass's ears?"—
"Yes, child, where the women (two confident wretches)
"Run away from their parents, and one strides in breeches."

The good-humour'd cit, after dinner with spouse,
Cries, "My dear, there's a change at your favourite house.
"Let me see, where's the paragraph? O, 'Drury-lane,—
"Of the theatre here, Mr. King takes the rein!
"He'll try hard, I warrant, to fill their strong box,
"For I've notic'd him often attending the stocks;
"He knows what is solid, as well as what's witty,
"And knows that what's *good* may be found in the city."

Yet not wholly abroad for opinions let's roam,
'Tis worth while to try what are form'd here at home;
For much is it ev'ry performer's concern
When management here takes a different turn.

The deep tragedian, by the green-room fire,
Sits patiently, and inly ruminates the season's danger thus—
"I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
"But for the gen'ral; he would be crown'd;
"How that may change his nature, there's the question:
"It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
"And that craves wary walking; to say truth,
"I have not known when his affections sway'd
"More than his reason; but 'tis a common proof

"That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
"Whereto the climber upwards turns his face.
"But when he once attains the topmost round,
"Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
"By which he did ascend."

Two comedians, for instance, like birds of a feather,
In the dressing-room, laying their droll heads together,
Thus in funny quotation their thoughts may unfold,
And prophesy that which they ne'er may behold.

"And now for our new manager; time is the old judge, that tries all such offenders, then let time try him; he used, while a brother performer only, to be like *Grumio*, among his fellow-servants, in the farce, 'twas Hey, good lad, *Biondello*, with a slap o' the back! —here, and well met, fellow *Pedro*, with a shake by the fist, there; —joining in every whimsical story, and he the loudest among us; but now, ay now, who knows but he may become as proud and perpendicular as the fantastical major-domo, *Malvolio*. Why, gentlemen, are ye mad, or what are ye? have ye no manners, nor honesty, that ye gabble, and laugh so, at the time of rehearsal! Do ye make a jesting-house of the theatre? Is there no respect of place, persons, or time in ye? If ye can separate yourselves, and your misdemeanours, ye are welcome to remain here; if not, an it would please ye to take leave, I am very willing to bid ye farewell."

(Sings.) Tune, *Nancy Dawson.*

And, oh! among the singing folk
What strange confusion 'twill provoke,
While half in earnest, half in joke,
They're sneering found, or grumbling!
"So *Master Tom*'s to rule, I hear,
To judge of songs without an ear,
A rare one, faith, to manage here,
I wish he'd mind his *tumbling!*"

'Mid such various opinions, how hard to steer right!
Yet I boldly begin my endeavours to-night;
Encourag'd thus far by the grace of the town,
Oft its smile I've experienc'd, but never its frown;
And, tho' it may not be a task of great ease
The performers, at once, and the public to please,
I'll not think it grievous some toil to go through,
Resolv'd, to the utmost, this point to pursue,
To be friendly to them, and respectful to you.

This situation, on some disagreement, Mr. King quitted in September 1788, rather suddenly. He was greatly pressed, and frequently called on in the public prints, to account for his conduct on the occasion, which he shortly did, in a way that gained him infinite credit: and the town, who lamented the loss sustained by the retreat of the actor, gave great praise to the candour and moderation of the man. Mr. King repaired to Dublin, where he had in early life been so cherished; he there made an engagement for a few nights only: but he was so uncommonly followed, that he entered into, and fulfilled, a second and a third; highly gratified by his reception and profit, having constantly a certain share of the night's receipt. He appeared twenty-five times; and, according to the declaration of Mr. Daly, then proprietor of that very elegant theatre, a like sum had never been drawn in that metropolis, in an equal number of nights, by any performer of either sex. Mr. King was pressed to enter into fresh engagements in Dublin; but he had, in the early part of his first, given a promise to Mr. Jackson, the patentee of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, to join him for a few nights, some time in the month of March, which he did; and by his performances in Edinburgh and Glasgow very greatly benefited the manager and himself. He had never before appeared in Scotland; and the lovers of the drama there gave a strong proof of their taste by loudly applauding, and of their liberality by respecting and rewarding him.

[To be continued.]

OF HOURS.

THINGS the most unreasonable become so familiar through custom, that they make no impression on us.

What can be more completely irrational than the allotment of our hours as to sleeping and waking? The most natural arrangement would be, to give those hours to sleep which are pointed out by nature; following, as much as possible, the custom of animals, who can have no guide but nature. I say as much as possible; for our avocations are in general so regular, that we could not bring them to coincide with the irregularity of the length of the days, in the different seasons in our climate. But then, surely, it is natural, if the days of winter are too short for us, at least to sit up all that short day, and not borrow more than is absolutely necessary from the dreary hours of night; and, on the contrary, if the days of summer are too long, we need not sacrifice more of the genial hours of sunshine to sleep than we can avoid, and then borrow largely of the night. I speak now only of moderate people, who rise at ten, and

go to bed at twelve. Those who live a highly fashionable life, are generally up during the whole night in summer, and only rise in winter to take a short ride or walk in the dusk of the evening.

The modern hours of eating are got to an excess that is perfectly ridiculous. I think we may at this time put the general hour of dining at six. Those of the first TON* extend it to seven or eight. Now what do people who do not lie in bed all the day, and sit up all the night, gain by this? In the first place, if they make dinner their principal meal, and do not like to pall their appetite by eating before it, they injure their health by long fasting. Then in winter they have two hours of candle light before dinner, and in summer they are at table during the only pleasant part of the day; and all this to get a long morning for idle people, to whom one would suppose the shortest morning would seem too long. The man of business, or of literature, may wish for a long morning; but surely the hours after dinner are those of amusement and festivity. To this arrangement is also sacrificed that most sociable meal, the supper, in which alone there is a free intercourse between the sexes, and where alone the ladies can partake of the pleasures of the convivial hour; and to those who do not sit up all night, a supper, in the present order of things, is proscribed.

The following extract, from Strutt's account of the manners and customs of the English, shews the fashionable hours of the age of Elizabeth.

"In those days, when coffee and tea, and other slops were not known, it was no uncommon thing for the chief lords and ladies of the court to breakfast upon a fine beef-steak broiled, with a cup of ale, and that at eight, or perhaps nine in the morning at furthest. They then usually dined at mid-day†, or one o'clock, and such as eat supper most commonly sat down to meat about seven, or a little before, in the evening."

It was also the custom for persons of fortune to take some highly spiced wine on going to bed. This species of refection was called THE WINES.

Strange as these meal-times now seem, only change their names, and they much resemble those of the present day. Substitute rolls

* And yet, from a passage in Swift's Polite Conversation, the contrary seems to have been the case in his time; for, on Sir John Linger coming in after the dinner is served up, he says, "What, you keep court hours, I see?" which must imply dining earlier than the hour he supposed.

† It appears from a passage in the *Woman-Hater* of Beaumont and Fletcher, that eleven was the usual hour of dinner in their time.

"*Boy.* I run;---but not so fast as your mouth will do upon the stroke of eleven."

and tea for beef-steaks, and the hour of breakfast is not much too early for moderate people. The dinner answers to the repast many people take between breakfast and dinner, and the supper is equivalent with our dinner. THE WINES answer to that unsocial substitute for supper, sandwiches and wine brought round in a salver.

If we called our meals by the names in use with our ancestors, the fashionable man, who does not rise till one, might be said to lie in bed till dinner-time; and the early man, who will not eat between meals lest he should hurt his appetite, might be said to go without his dinner.

H. J .P.

TUTORS AND PUPILS.

No—the task of *education* is *not* easy. But it is the *greatest* in which man or woman can be engaged; and ought therefore to be attended to by all who undertake it, with every energy of the mind. Every day should have its allotted business, and its allotted pleasures. The slowest capacity can comprehend that the more hours are consumed in business, the fewer there will be for pleasure.—It is necessary to lay down the premises, and *inflexibly* to abide by them. The conclusion every child can draw for itself. If that conclusion is as *infallible*, as it is unpleasant, in a little time it will be carefully avoided. To the *reason* of its instructors a child may not readily submit: it is against reason that it should. But to the reason of *facts*, children will always yield, provided it is made clear to them. To guard against the *faults of a child* is not *half* the business. The *weakness of the tutor* is much more inimical to the success of his efforts. To be *unyielding* in matters (simply considered) of little import; to bear a *cold* countenance with a *warm* heart; to be *insensible* apparently, to the blandishments of childhood, are *not easy tasks*, to a feeling and affectionate mind; and no other is fitted for the task of education. Then will not the tutor have to combat his own indolence; his own unevenness of disposition; his caprice, and his partialities? There is another formidable difficulty in his way: *the indiscreet interference of others.* He must be *perfectly steady*, though often at the expence of a heart ach. The pupils should learn to consider the laws of their tutor to be as immutable as the decrees of fate, and then they will accommodate themselves to them as they would to any physical necessity. Constant application makes the task of learning easy; and when something new, however little, is acquired every day, the sum total, at the end of two or three years, will be surprising.

Q. Z.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TO MR. PARK.

May 17, 1793.

DEAR SIR,

IT has not been without frequent self-reproach that I have so long omitted to answer your last very kind and most obliging letter. I am by habit and inclination extremely punctual in the discharge of such arrears, and it is only through necessity, and under constraint of various indispensible engagements of a different kind, that I am become of late much otherwise.

I have never seen Chapman's translation of Homer, and will not refuse your offer of it, unless, by accepting it, I shall deprive you of a curiosity that you cannot easily replace. The line or two which you quote from him, except that the expression 'a well-written soul' has the quaintness of his times in it, do him credit. He cannot surely be the same Chapman who wrote a poem, I think, on the battle of Hockstadt, in which, when I was a very young man, I remember to have seen the following lines:

"Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
And each man mounted on his capering beast.
Into the Danube they were push'd by shoals,
And sunk and bobb'd, and bobb'd and sunk, and sunk and bobb'd their souls."*

* Among the extensive literary collections of Thomas Hill, Esq. a copy of this ludicrous performance has been discovered, and it serves to evince the reminiscent powers of Cowper, though the name of *Chapman* does not appear in the title-page, which runs thus:—"La Feu de Joye; or a brief description of two most glorious victories obtained by her majesty's forces and those of her allies, over the French and Bavarians, in July and August 1704, at Schellenburgh and Blainheim, near Hocksted: under the magnanimous and heroick conduct of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. A poem. By a British Muse." Lond. 1705. 4to. The following are the passages recollected by Mr. Cowper, and reported by him without any of that inflating exaggeration so common to reporters of mirthful tales.

"*Suppose four thousand gentlemen at least,*
And each man mounted on his cap'ring beast,
Should, at an instant, in a body roll
And plunge into the deep their violent soul: &c.
Whole shoals together sink and scream *in shoals,*
And bob and sink, and bob and sink their souls."

These are lines that could not fail to impress the memory, though not altogether in the Homerican stile of battle.

I am, as you say, an hermit, and probably an irreclaimable one, having a horror of London that I cannot express, nor indeed very easily account for. Neither am I much less disinclined to migration in general. I did no little violence to my love of home last summer, when I paid Mr. Hayley a visit, and in truth was principally induced to the journey, by a hope that it might be useful to Mrs. Unwin; who, however, derived so little benefit from it, that I purpose for the future to avail myself of the privilege my years may reasonably claim, by compelling my younger friends to visit *me*.—But even this is a point which I cannot well compass at present, both because I am too busy, and because poor Mrs. Unwin is not able to bear the fatigue of company. Should better days arrive,* days of more leisure to me, and of some health to her, I shall not fail to give you notice of the change, and shall then hope for the pleasure of seeing you at Weston.

The epitaph you saw,† is on the tomb of the same Mr. Unwin to whom the Tirocinium is inscribed; the son of the lady abovementioned. By the desire of his executors I wrote a Latin one, which they approved, but it was not approved by a relation of the deceased, and therefore was not used. He objected to the mention I had made in it, of his mother having devoted him to the service of God in his infancy. She did it, however, and not in vain, as I wrote my epitaph. Who wrote the English one I know not.

The poem called the *Slave* is not mine, nor have I ever seen it. I wrote two on the subject—one entitled The Negro's Complaint, and the other, The Morning Dream. With thanks for all your kindness, and the patience you have with me,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

WM. COWPER.

Another instance of the bathos may equally bear citation :—

"One body flying to the woods, for fear,
Thirty battalions were imprison'd there;
As many squadrons to the Danube pusht,
Dy'd its black streams with blood, and *so were husht*.

* These days never did arrive, and that they did not, will ever leave a selfish as well as a social regret on the memory of his highly-favoured correspondent.

† In the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1793.

HINDOO MANUAL AND CREED.

(Continued from p. 231.)

Twenty-fifth—Oupass.

XXXII.—25th.—*Oron Ouday Septemi*, happens on the seventh day of the new moon of January, and is called Soorjy Poujah, or worship of the sun, to which they make offerings of particular flowers which grow in the Ganges.

Twenty-sixth—Oupass.

XXXIII.—26th.—*Bheem Ekkadossi* happens on the eleventh day of the new moon of January. It is dedicated to Kishen, in commemoration of a glutton, named Bheem, who fasted in honour of Kishen: he is called the brother of Judisteen. Bheem is the name given to gluttons in general.

Twenty-seventh—Oupass.

XXXIV.—27th.—*Pournemi*, or the full of the moon of January, is consecrated to Vistnou the conservator: they fast, and make ablutions, and give alms, on this day.

Twenty-eighth—Oupass.

XXXV.—28th.—*Seeb Ratre Chowtordossi*, or the fourteenth after the full moon of January, happens on its twenty ninth day, and is dedicated to Seeb the destroyer: they fast and make offerings, and pray all night, which is expressed by the word Ratre, added to the name of the god, in whose honour the solemnity is kept.

Twenty-ninth—Oupass.

XXXVI.—29th.—*Gobend Dew Dossi* happens on the twelfth day of the moon of February, and is dedicated to Vistnou the conservator, or consoler, as the word Gobend, or Gobend Dew, implies. It is a name given to the second of the three first created beings. They observe fasting and prayers.

Thirtieth—Pourob.

XXXVII.—30th.—*Dhole Jattrah* happens on the full moon of February, and is sacred to Kishen Thaukoor. The Hindoos on this day, scatter the powder of a certain red flower, called faag, all over their clothes, and the feast ends with rejoicings.

Thirty-first—Oupass.

XXXVIII.—31st.—*Barani Jattrah*, or *Modou Kistnan Teradossi*, happens on the twenty-eighth day of the moon of February. When

it falls on Saturday, they call it Barani; and if the planet Salou Bissah is then in the meridian, they call it Maha Barani, and if the planet Subo Jogue, is in conjunction with Saloo Bissah, it is then called Maha Maha Barani. These conjunctions are necessarily uncertain; but when they do occur, they celebrate a feast, purify themselves in the Ganges, and make offerings to Sourji, or the sun.

Thirty-second—Oupass Pourob.

XXXIX.—32nd.—*Locki Poujah* happens on the first Tuesday in March: they worship the goddess this day, and return her thanks for having prospered the fruits of the earth.

Thirty-third—Pourob.

XL.—33rd.—*Drouga Poujah*, and *Bhasonti Poujah*, happens on the seventh day of the new moon of March, and continues till the tenth. On the last day they throw her statue into the Ganges. This feast is instituted with the same design as the grand one, but it is not so generally and expensively observed, of which I have spoken in No. XXII.—15th.

Thirty-fourth—Oupass Pourob.

XLI.—34th.—*Seeb*, or *Sounias Poujah*, commences on the first, and lasts till the thirteenth of March, and is only interrupted during the Drouga Poujah, spoken of in the foregoing festival. Sounias Poujah is the Lent of the Hindoos. The Churruck, or day of flagellation, falls on the thirteenth of March; the casts of Bhramons and Coists are exempted from it, by the Augtorah Bhade, and, in fact, none but the lowest people submit to these public penances. But all casts and tribes fast and pray the twenty-ninth, which is the day preceding the Churruck. This solemn feast is consecrated to Seeb, or Mahadew, or Moisoor the mutilator, the protector from evil, through whose intercession they pray the Eternal to guard the Hindoos from the power of Moisasoor and his adherents, and to revoke the final sentence which he has pronounced against the rebellious Dewtahs.

XLII.—God created three females, or companions, for the three first-created beings. To Bhirmah he gave Bhirmani; to Vistnou, Lockie; and to Seeb, Bhowanny Drouga. Bhirmah had two children by his wife, the eldest called Kousubmonnou, and the youngest, Doukie Rajah: the first was governed by a pious and praiseworthy spirit, the latter by a vicious and turbulent one. Doukie Rajah had a daughter, called Dhiti, married to her cousin Kousabmonnou, and he had a son called Endeer, who, as well as his de-

scendants, were exemplary, virtuous, and kept the laws of God, which Bhirmah and Bhirmani taught him. Doukie Rajah had a second daughter, called Odhiti, married to her cousin ..... called ..... who had a son called Moisasoor: both he and his descendants followed the example of their grandfather, Doukie Rajah, despised the precepts of Bhirmah and Bhirmani, and gave themselves up to vice, and contemned the laws of God.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

No. VI.

Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desart air.
Gray.

POETRY is a blossom of very delicate growth; it requires the maturing influence of vernal suns, and every encouragement of culture and attention, to bring it to its natural perfection. The pursuits of the mathematician, or the mechanical genius, are such as require rather strength and insensibility of mind, than that exquisite and finely-wrought susceptibility, which invariably marks the temparament of the true poet; and, it is for this reason, that while men of science have, not unfrequently, arisen from the abodes of poverty and labour, very few legitimate children of the Muse have ever emerged from the shades of hereditary obscurity.

It is painful to reflect how many a bard now lies, nameless and forgotten, in the narrow house, who, had he been born to competence and leisure, might have usurped the laurels from the most distinguished personages in the temple of Fame. The very consciousness of merit itself often acts in direct opposition to a stimulus to exertion, by exciting that mournful indignation at supposititious neglect, which urges a sullen concealment of talents, and drives its possessor to that misanthropic discontent which preys on the vitals, and soon produces untimely mortality. A sentiment like this has, no doubt, often actuated beings, who attracted notice, perhaps, while they lived, only by their singularity, and who were forgotten almost ere their parent earth had closed over their heads;—beings who lived but to mourn and to languish for what they were never destined to enjoy, and whose exalted endowments were buried with them in their graves, by the want of a little of that superfluity which serves to pamper the debased appetites of the enervated sons of luxury and sloth.

The present age, however, has furnished us with two illustrious instances of poverty bursting through the cloud of surrounding impediments, into the full blaze of notoriety and eminence. I allude to the two Bloomfields—bards who may challenge a comparison with the most distinguished favourites of the Muse, and who both passed the day-spring of life in labour, indigence, and obscurity.

The author of the Farmer's Boy hath already received the applause he justly deserved. It yet remains for the Essay on War to enjoy all the distinction it so richly merits, as well from its sterling worth, as from the circumstances of its author. Whether the present age will de inclined to do it full justice, may indeed be feared. Had Mr. Nathaniel Bloomfield made his appearance in the horizon of letters prior to his brother, he would undoubtedly have been considered as a meteor of uncommon attraction; the critics would have admired, because it would have been the fashion to admire. But it is to be apprehended that our countrymen become enured to phenomena:—it is to be apprehended, that the frivolity of the age cannot endure a repetition of the uncommon:—that it will no longer be the rage to patronize indigent merit: that the beau monde will therefore neglect, and that, by a necessary consequence, the critics will sneer!!

Nevertheless, sooner or later, merit will meet with its reward; and though the popularity of Mr. Bloomfield may be delayed, he *must*, at one time or other, receive the meed due to his deserts.—Posterity will judge impartially; and if bold and vivid images, and original conceptions, luminously displayed, and judiciously apposed, have any claim to the regard of mankind, the name of Nathaniel Bloomfield will not be without its high and appropriate honours.

Rousseau very truly observes, that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained. If this be applicable to men enjoying every advantage of scholastic initiation, how much more forcibly must it apply to the offspring of a poor village taylor, untaught, and destitute both of the means and the time necessary for the cultivation of the mind! If the art of writing be of difficult attainment to those who make it the study of their lives, what must it be to him, who, perhaps, for the first forty years of his life, never entertained a thought that any thing he could write would be deemed worthy of the attention of the public!—whose only time for rumination was such as a sedentary and sickly employment could allow; on the taylor's board, surrounded with men, perhaps, of depraved and rude habits, and impure conversation!

And yet, that Mr. N. Bloomfield's poems display acuteness of remark, and delicacy of sentiment, combined with much strength,

and considerable *selection*, of diction, few will deny. The Pæan to Gunpowder would alone prove both his powers of language, and the fertility of his imagination; and the following extract presents him to us in the still higher character of a bold and vivid *painter*. Describing the field after a battle, he says,

Now here and there, about the horrid field,
Striding across the dying and the dead,
Stalks up a man, by strength superior,
Or skill and prowess in the arduous fight,
Preserv'd alive:—fainting he looks around;
Fearing pursuit—not caring to pursue.
The supplicating voice of bitterest moans,
Contortions of excruciating pain,
The shriek of torture, and the groan of death,
Surround him;—and as Night her mantle spreads,
To veil the horrors of the mourning field,
With cautious step shaping his devious way,
He seeks a covert where to hide and rest:
At every leaf that rustles in the breeze
Starting, he grasps his sword;—and ev'ry nerve
Is ready strain'd, for combat or for flight.

P. 12, *Essay on War.*

If Mr. Bloomfield had written nothing besides the Elegy on the Enclosure of Honington Green, he would have had a right to be considered as a poet of no mean excellence. The heart which can read passages like the following, without a sympathetic emotion, must be dead to every feeling of sensibility.

STANZA VI.

The proud city's gay wealthy train,
Who nought but refinement adore,
May wonder to hear me complain
That Honington Green is no more;
But if to the church you e'er went,
If you knew what the village has been,
You will sympathize while I lament
The enclosure of Honington Green.

VII.

That no more upon Honington Green
Dwells the matron whom most I revere,
If by pert observation unseen,
I e'en now could indulge a fond tear.

Ere her bright morn of life was o'ercast,
When my senses first woke to the scene,
Some short happy hours she had past
On the margin of Honington Green.

VIII.

Her parents with plenty were blest,
And num'rous her children, and young,
Youth's blossoms her cheek yet possest,
And Melody woke when she sung:
A widow so youthful to leave,
(Early clos'd the blest days he had seen)
My father was laid in his grave,
In the church-yard on Honington Green.

* * * * * * *

XXI.

Dear to me was the wild thorny hill,
And dear the brown heath's sober scene;
And youth shall find happiness still,
Though he rove not on common or green.

* * * * * * *

XXII.

So happily flexile man's make,
So pliantly docile his mind,
Surrounding impressions we take,
And bliss in each circumstance find.
The youths of a more polish'd age
Shall not wish these rude commons to see;
To the bird that's enur'd to the cage,
It would not be bliss to be free.

There is a sweet and tender melancholy pervades the *elegiac ballad* efforts of Mr. Bloomfield, which has the most indescribable effects on the heart. Were the versification a little more polished, in some instances, they would be read with unmixt delight. It is to be hoped that he will cultivate this engaging species of composition, and (if I may venture to throw out the hint) if judgment may be formed from the poems he has published, he would excel in sacred poetry. Most heartily do I recommend the lyre of David to this engaging bard. Divine topics have seldom been touched upon with success, by our modern Muses: they afford a field in which he would have few competitors, and it is a field worthy of his abilities.

W.

SKETCH
OF
AN HISTORICAL EULOGIUM
ON
The Marshal Duke of Berwick.

FROM MONTESQUIEU'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

(Concluded from page 228.)

GREAT men are more subjected than others to a rigorous examination of their conduct: every one likes to call them before his little tribunal. Did not the Roman soldiers make use of bitter railleries about the chariot of victory? They thought thus to triumph over even the triumpher himself. But it is fortunate for Marshal de Berwick that the two objections made to him are only founded on his attachment to his duties.

The objection that he was not in the expedition to Scotland in 1715, has, for its foundation, that people wish to regard him as one who had no country, and are unwilling to consider that he was a Frenchman.

Having become French with the consent of his first masters, he obeyed the orders of Louis XIV. and afterwards those of the French regent. He was obliged to silence the suggestions of his heart, and pursue great principles; he saw that he was no longer at his own option; he saw that he was no longer to determine according to that which was most proper, but to that which was most necessary; he knew that he should be judged, and unjust judgments he despised; neither popular clamours, nor the manner in which those may think who think but little, were capable of influencing his determination.

The ancients, who treated of duties, did not find the great difficulty in knowing them, but in choosing between two. He followed that duty which was strongest, as his destiny. These are subjects on which no one treats, unless when obliged to do it. Let us examine the question narrowly, and see whether that prince, even if restored, would have a right to recal him. The strongest thing that can be said upon that is, that our country never abandons us: but even that was not the case, for he was proscribed by his country when he got himself naturalised in France. Grotius, Puffendorff, all the voices by which Europe has spoken, decided the question, and declared to him that he was a Frenchman, and subject to the laws

of France, which at that time made peace the basis of its political system. What a contradiction then, if a peer of the kingdom, a marshal of France, a governor of a province, had disobeyed the prohibition to quit the kingdom—that is to say, had been really guilty of disobedience, in order to appear, in the eyes of the English alone, as if he had not disobeyed. In fact Marshal Berwick was, even from his very dignities, in peculiar circumstances, and a distinction could hardly be made between his appearance in Scotland, and a declaration of war against England. France thought that it was not for its interest to provoke that war which would have embroiled all Europe. How could he take upon him the immense weight of such a conduct? It may even be asked, if he consulted ambition, what greater object could he have than the restoration of the house of Stuart to the throne of England. How dearly he loved his children is well known. What delight then must it afford to his heart if he could have foreseen a third establishment in England!

Had he been even consulted respecting the enterprise, under the circumstances of the time, he would not have approved of it: he thought such enterprises to be of the same nature as all others, which should be regulated by prudence; and that an enterprise, if unsuccessful, has two bad consequences, the present misfortune, and much greater difficulty in attempting success at some future period.

OLLA PODRIDA.

No. VI.

ON LITERARY RESEMBLANCES.

It seems a peculiar province of modern criticism, to indulge in a pleasing, but oftentimes unnecessary observance of similar passages in different poets. To the generality of readers, this sort of penetration is totally disagreeable; and the learned critic, after having been at the extraordinary pains of searching for a correspondent idea, to parallel the one which first excited his attention, has often the mortification of being the only reader of his own sagacity.

It must, however, be allowed, that to remark congenial sentiments and observations, is, for the most part, an amusing task: but (as I have premised) this pleasing amusement, being generally personal, those who would wish, in their critical remarks upon an illustrious author, to denote those similar passages, ought to confine themselves within certain rules.

First, He ought to consider whether there is an actual similitude.

Secondly, Whether such similitude is worthy of remark.

Thirdly, Whether it be accidental or designed.

The first and second are the most important to the reader, the third to the author.

To fill the page with pretended likenesses, is worse than substituting the portraiture of Othello, in lieu of Shakespeare, in an elegant edition of his works. For instance, can any one trace the following admired passage in Milton, to the succeeding quotation from the *Georgics:—

> O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
> Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
> Of this new world. B. 4. l. 31.

> Vos, ô clarissima mundi
> Lumina, labentem cœlo quæ ducitis annum,
> Liber & alma Ceres. Lib. 1. l. 6.

In L'Allegro is used "Cimmerian darkness." This expression has been proverbial from the age of Homer to that of Ovid, and from Ovid to this day: why then encumber the text, with deducing the same words from Sylvester's Du Bartas to Milton, and we might add from Milton to Young.

The third, whether the resemblance is accidental or designed, is important to the reputation of the poet, and therefore the critic ought to pause before he determines upon it. This is frequently difficult of decision, as similar situations will call forth similar thoughts; but when the case is absolutely certain, and the poet desires to assume honours to which he is not entitled, this department of criticism forms a court of judicature, from which he can never hope to appeal. To this charge Sterne must inevitably prove guilty, and his appropriation of a passage on literary thievery is so serious, that no ju ry can acquit him.

If a disagreeable sensation attend the conviction of guilt, there is a pleasure of the highest kind in observing passages, beautiful in themselves, decorate also the pages of poets, who are not only ignorant of such similarity, but destitute of the means of knowing it: of this nature are those enchanting lines in Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.

> Ah! fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom,
> Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom.

* Vide G. Wakefield's note to this passage, in his edition of Virgil.

This beautiful thought, as remarked by that accomplished critic, Mr. Lofft*, is from Ausonius.

> Quam longa una dies ætas tam longa rosarum,
> Quas pubescentes juncta senecta premit.

Particular *sentiments*, in different authors, are agreeable, as where some author justly says,

> Man differs more from man, than man from beast.

We remember the same idea in Plutarch :—

"There is not so great a difference between one beast and another, as between man and man." Chapter on Equality.

Again when Horace says,

> Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,

we call to mind a passage in the oration of Julian to Sallust :—

"When man travels from place to place, they do not change their dispositions, or deviate from the right principles they had previously imbibed."

When a poet indulges in speaking of himself, and a similarity of occasional propensities or manners is remarked, it behoves the critic to observe them; for instance, when Milton informs us, in b. 9. l. 22, that his Muse

> "Dictates to him slumbering,"

without bringing a passage in Pope's prologues to Satires, l. 42, he barely remarks, that Cædenon, a Saxon poet, was so familiar with poetry, that he used to make verses in his sleep, and repeat them when awake†.

Again, in private opinions of self worth, thus with P. 2, b. 1, l. 14, compare the 921st line of the first book of Lucretius.

Also similies, compare the exquisite one in P. 2, b. 1, l. 768, with Virgil, b. 7, l. 34.

Of inventions, as where the idea of the origin of artillery is borrowed from Spenser, l. 1, canto 7, st. 13.

These incidental observations may be reduced to the remark, that the critic, in literary resemblances, ought to have an impartial eye to truth, a contempt for frivolous observation, but, at the same time, a mind, which, in observing a coincidence of ideas, can separate "similitude from imitation, and imitation from plagiarism."

MORTIMER.

* M.'s edition of Ausonius is incomplete, and contains not the eleventh or fourteenth idyls. It would, perhaps, be too intrusive on the politeness of this gentleman, to request him to insert a translation of the fourteenth idyl in the Monthly Mirror.

† Beda's Eccl. Hist. p. 397.

ROMAN LETTERS.

ARISTIDES TO THALIA.

LETTER II.

THREE weeks have elapsed since I wrote my last letter, and an illness, with which I am attacked, is likely to confine me to my house for three weeks longer, if my physician is not more expert than he has hitherto proved. In the interim I have been perusing, with delightful attention, a work which is lately published by a person of the name of Publius Ovidius Naso. If his poetry were no better than his morals, I should have discharged it with disgust; but, indeed, there is such a vein of the richest poetry, as is equally astonishing as it is pleasing. The title of the book is the Metamorphoses. The wit, address, and ingenuity employed in this work is wonderful: all his stories are so connected, that, although they are all separate, yet they are blended with such art, that, if it is not difficult to separate them, such an attempt is, nevertheless, to be deprecated. It presents us with all the fables and history of the gods and heroes, that find their foundation in Homer or Hesiod.—Though Ovid is by no means moral himself, most of his tales convey a moral instruction, and may have as much influence, perhaps, as the excellent fables of the wise Æsop. I cannot give you a better idea of its nature, than by telling you it is written in imitation of the poem we have frequently admired, of Parthenius of Chios. His style is somewhat diffuse, and his Latinity inaccurate; but this ought to be attributed to the imprudent affection of his friends, who published it in his absence; his periods are not various; he seldom suits the sound with the sense; he does not elevate his language with his subject; but he compensates all this by a gentle smoothness of language, which is beautiful. There is, however, one great fault in his descriptions—he is too minute—he leaves nothing for the imagination—he does not cast that pleasing obscurity over his descriptions, which makes them appear, to the mental eye, more important and significant :—how much Anacreon excels in thus raising the fancy, and touching the heart! I have sent you a copy, written with my own hand: it is gratifying to me to furnish you with an opportunity of first introducing it among the learned at Athens. Ovid, too, would be highly gratified in having such an introduction.

M. Metellus has called upon me, and received me with the greatest cordiality and affection; and, taking my illness into consideration, proposed a party of literati to sup with me, to amuse my

mind, insisting that the activity of the mind will reinstate the tone of corporal sensation. I consented, and several of his friends took supper with me. I was particularly struck with Lucius Menippus; he has travelled much, particularly in Syria, to which province he is upon the eve of being appointed proconsul. The conversation turned chiefly upon the golden age, and the origin of society. As I was too debilitated to bear an active part in the debate myself, I listened with pleasure to the opinion of Menippus. The earlier ages of mankind, said he, are enveloped in an obscurity that must ever remain so, and nothing but rational hypothesis can supply its place. All our knowledge, and our very affections, are the result of habit and education; for where there are no innate ideas of a first cause, there can be none of any thing else. What we know of most nations, and of our own in particular, is, that it gradually rose from ignorance to knowledge—from the most violent to the more temperate passions. Cicero has given us an animated picture of a savage state, and thence derives the origin of eloquence. The precipitancy of this idea makes it poetical: the first step towards civilization was probably the accidental association of two persons, of different sexes, who possessed nearly the same bodily strength, the same cruelty, and the same propensities. A little experience soon proved to them the advantages of such a compact. They found that two could always preserve the fruits of their labour from the violence of a third: what, therefore, was at first accident, became habit, and, at length, a necessity that its advantages by no means allowed them to dispense with. The children of such an union were the natural instruments of their will; early obedience begot a confused idea of duty; with duty was allied interest, and their ignorance at length led them to believe that their absolute existence depended upon the union and collective exertions of the whole family. Such was the origin of hordes.

Hitherto language was little more than a collection of words, expressive of particular wants, and in which man bore an analogy to brute animals; but though our ideas are not innate, nature has implanted instincts, and the faculty of improving those instincts into a thousand collateral desires, inclinations, and necessities, which, as they arise, awake the necessity of giving a definitive term; simple terms are lengthened into compounds, as one object, or one want, resembles another. Thus language became gradually more diffuse, and a more copious fund of language produced a wider range of idea.

Such, continued he, is the origin of society; the intermediate

distances between a partial union and a wider intercourse with others; between a limited and an extended society; between the accident that gives birth to one art, and the others which that art creates; between the birth of the vulgar, and the dawn of the fine arts, and between those of the introduction of science, are not difficult to conceive. How much farther society and the arts can go, remains undecided; but it is rational to suppose, that, as man has been hitherto improving, he may continue improving, till he arrives at that period of felicitous refinement of manners, and noble culture of heart, which will form the golden age. - - - - - -

Such was the reasoning of a man who follows no sect of philosophy—who has nothing of superstition, but who has a considerable share of rational piety, mixed with the incredulity of a sceptic.

The evening thus passed in rational argument and elegant conversation. These suppers, so frequent among the literary men of Rome, are very agreeable. Sometimes a servant reads the Iliad of Homer, or extracts from a philosophic poem of Lucretius. This fine poem, upon which I shall enlarge in some future letter, is founded upon the one of Empedocles, who treated of the Pythagorean phylosophy, and who, you remember, threw himself into the volcano of Etna, from the foolish idea of being esteemed a god.

I am improved in health since I began this letter. Commend me to my friend Leontius, and think of Aristides as often as he mentions the name of Thalia.

M.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THERE *are* persons who slide, insensibly, into an *habit of contradiction.* Their first endeavour, upon hearing any thing asserted in conversation, is to discover wherein it can possibly be disputed. This, they imagine, gives an air of sagacity; and, if they can mingle a jest with the contradiction, they think they display a vast superiority. But we should take great precautions against the advances of this propensity. It renders us extremely disagreeable in society, which loses us friends, and is, in itself, a matter of no consequence.

WHAT a pleasure it is to pay ones debts!—It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances; each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place it removes uneasiness, which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affections. It pro-

motes that future confidence which is so very interesting to an honest mind. It opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions. It leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and sound œconomy. Finally, it is a main support of simple reputation.

The persons most to be despised are minor wits, and men of high station without probity.

The interval is much too short between the time of our being too *young* and too *old*.

People love their grandchildren better than their children, and this is, because they estimate the work of their children tolerably well. But their knowledge of their grandchildren being less perfect, they flatter themselves with vain hopes respecting them.

There is a fine saying of Seneca; "Sic præsentibus utaris voluptatibus." Enjoy the present hour so as not to injure those that follow.

The whole mystery of a courtly behaviour seems to be included in the power of making *general* favours appear to be particular ones.

Perhaps an acquaintance with men of genius is rather reputable than satisfactory. It is as accountable as it is certain, that fancy heightens sensibility; sensibility strengthens passion; and passion makes people humourists. Poets seem to have fame in lieu of most temporal advantages. They are too little formed for business to be respected; too often feared or envied to be beloved.

Jealousy is the fear or apprehension of superiority: envy our uneasiness under it.

I consider your very hasty people in the same light as I do a loaded gun. It may by accident go off, and *kill one*.

Ask to borrow sixpence of the Muses, and they will tell you "at *present* they are out of cash; but *hereafter* they will furnish you with 5000l."

The only kind of revenge a person of sense needs take of a *scoundrel*, is by a series of worthy behaviour, to force his admiration and esteem. Thus, as Sir John Falstaff says, "turning our quarrels to commodity."

Q. Z.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE METROPOLIS.

The earliest account of this city was written in Latin, by William Fitz Stephens, native thereof, and monk of Canterbury, who died 1191, entitled, "Descriptio nobilissimæ civitatis Londoniæ;" a translation of it is inserted in the folio editions of Stowe's Survey, and the original in the quarto ones; but since republished, with observations and notes, at the end of Leland's Itinerary, vol. viii. from a more correct MS. on vellum, given by Dr. Marshall to Hearne, and the only one he ever saw. Robert Bale, recorder of London 1461, compiled a large account of its history and antiquities; but of his pieces, which were long preserved in the city library or archives, only the titles have come down to us. Alderman Fabian's Annals of London shared the same fate, unless we suppose, with Bishop Nicholson, that they are incorporated into his printed chronicle. Bagford persuades himself that Leland wrote a particular account of London, now lost, though it does not appear in the list of his works; he thinks Stowe was greatly beholden to it without acknowledgment. That honest industrious taylor, who "seeing the confused order of our late English chronicles, and the ignorant handling of ancient affaires, leaving his own peculiar ganes, consecrated himself to the searche of our famous antiquities," was the first that attempted a regular and particular description of this city. He began his studies with his annals about 1560, for which he travelled over the kingdom on foot, perusing and purchasing innumerable papers just before dispersed out of the monastic libraries, and sold for pennyworths. When he had almost ruined himself, he found an especial benefactor in Arch-bishop Parker. But pecuniary difficulties were not all he had to struggle with: his antiquarian collections and his younger brother's villany, brought his life into danger, on pretence of religion. His summary of the Chronicles of England was first published 1565, frequently reprinted, abridged, and continued to 1618. His large chronicle of annals, of which he printed only an abstract, leaving the entire work fitted for the press, passed into Sir Simon D'Ewes's hands, but seems to have been since lost. His curious and valuable account of this city, which cost him many years of close application, of which he spent eight in searching out ancient records relative to the subject, was first printed under the title of, "A Survey of London, contayning the originall antiquity, increase, moderne estate, and description of that citie, written in the year 1598, by John Stowe, citizen of London; also an apologie (or defence) against the opinion of some men, concerning that citie,

the greatness thereof; with an appendix, containing in Latine, Libellum de situ, and nobilitate Londini, written by William Fitz Stephens, in the raigne of Henry the Second: Lond. 1598. 4to." A second edition came out in the author's life time 1603, 4to. in which he intended large improvements, but was prevented by his own ill health, and the death of his able friend John Dalton, Esq. from inserting any, except a few additions about the civil government of the city, out of his own learned storehouse. Stowe survived this edition but two years. The city and nation he had immortalized neglected him. James I. indeed granted him a brief or licence, authorizing him, or his deputy, to receive at the church doors, the benevolence of well disposed people, in recompence of his painful labours, and for encouragement to the like: but he died of poverty, the gout, and stone, in his eightieth year, 1605, and was buried at his parish church of St. Andrew Undershaft, where his widow erected a monument.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Cardinal Wolsey apologized for his famous piece of insolence in saying, Ego et Rex Meus; I and my king, by observing that this expression was exactly conformable to the Latin idiom, and that a Roman always named himself before the person to whom, or of whom, he spake. Yet this seems to have been an instance of want of civility among that people. The ancients made it a rule, that the person of the greatest dignity should be mentioned first in the discourse: insomuch that we find, the spring of a quarrel and jealousy between the Romans and Ætolians, to have been a poet's naming the Ætolians before the Romans, in celebrating a victory gained by their united arms over the Macedonians.* Thus Livia disgusted Tiberius by placing her own name before his in an inscription.†

Here I cannot forbear mentioning a piece of delicacy observed in France, which seems to me excessive and ridiculous. You must not say, "That is a very fine dog, Madam," but, "Madam, that is a very fine dog." They think it indecent that those words, dog and Madam, should be coupled together in the sentence: though they have no reference to each other in the sense.

* Plut. in vita Flaminini.

† Tacit. Ann. lib. 3. cap. 64.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Essay on War, in Blank Verse; Honington Green, a Ballad; The Culprit, an Elegy; and other Poems, on various Subjects, by Nathaniel Bloomfield. Vernor and Hood. 12mo. pp. 120. 4s.

The poems, here offered to the public, are the productions of Nathaniel Bloomfield, brother to the author of the "Farmer's Boy," (the merits of which our readers will do us the justice to remember we were among the first to notice and applaud): and if the present volume fails to display the tenderness and simplicity which shine in every page of *that* distinguished performance; it, nevertheless, embraces a greater variety of sentiment and subject; discusses points of more importance in moral and political life; and exhibits no mean proofs of poetic genius and ability.

For the discovery of the merits of these poetical brothers, the public are indebted to Mr. Lofft, a man in whom the "elements are so blended," that we are at a loss whether most to commend his head or his heart. *His* kind exertions have enabled them "sociably to ascend Parnassus together, higher than ever *brothers* have climbed before."—"I may add," he observes, "each of them to an height, which but few have ever reached."

In the preface to this little volume, Mr. Lofft informs us that Nathaniel Bloomfield was born at Honington, in 1759, and deprived of his father, by the small pox, when he was eight years old. Having been taught to read by his mother, and the principles of writing and arithmetic by Mr. Rodwel, of Ixworth, at the proper age he was bound apprentice to Mr. Haylett, a taylor of Market Harling, of which business the father of the Bloomfields had been.

When his apprenticeship expired, he came to London, where, with occasional trips into the country, he has since resided. He has been married many years, and has two children living.

When Mr. Bloomfield first came to town he had read but little poetry; but soon after his arrival he purchased Young's Night Thoughts at a stall, which has ever been his favourite book. He afterwards perused Milton, and such of our English poets as fell in his way, but, for the last fifteen years of his life, has certainly read but little: "his family having claim'd his utmost exertions, and his business allowing little leisure."—"If, therefore, he appears to possess any knowledge of a literary nature, it must be all from the stores of memory."

At present he resides in Moorfields, London. "He is, (says Mr. G. Bloomfield) about five feet three inches high: of a dark complexion, and dark grey eyes: he has lost the hair from the top of his head, which gives him the appearance of age. Though remarkable for talking little, so as to have the name of a man of few words, he is, on occasion, a cheerful companion; and though generally pensive and melancholy, ever kind-hearted."

Having spoken thus far of their author, it remains for us to say something briefly on his works.

The "Essay on War" (the principles of which, Mr. Lofft's benevolence and philanthropy induce him to think paradoxical) displays an ardour of sentiment and strength of idea but rarely to be met with in modern poetry. It is, however, it must be confessed, wholly destitute of those *agremens* of style and versification, which render productions of less sterling merit noticed and applauded.

"Honington-Green" laments, in pleasing yet mournful numbers, the enclosure of a spot, scarcely half an acre, the ornament of the village where the Bloomfields first drew breath. "As a poetical effusion, it strikes me," says Mr. Lofft, "that it has the tone, simplicity, and sweetness, and simple melancholy of the ballad. There is a stroke or two of indignant severity, but the general character is such as I have described; and with filial gratitude and love, there is blended, at the close, that turn for reflection which is so remarkable in this author."

The "Culprit" is a poem of very considerable original merit; the reader's attention is kept alive through all its parts, and its close is awful and pathetic. The opening stanzas, however, (which exhibit human nature in a worse point of view, than, we hope and trust, she deserves to be shewn) do not exactly tend "to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour with itself."

"Yorkshire Dip" is the offspring of a playful yet pensive fancy; "Love's Triumph" is a ballad of much sweetness and simplicity; "The Proverbs of Threescore" are strung with ease and conciseness; and "More Bread and Cheese," (in which the principles of the Essay on War are *humorously* versified) has much "nerve and energy."

The "Lyric Address" to Dr. Jenner, is warm from the heart: its author having lost his father, and three of his children, by the dreadful ravages of *that* disorder which the discovery of Dr. Jenner is so admirably calculated to eradicate.

As the shortest of these pieces would considerably exceed the limits of our review, and, in making an extract from either of them,

we might be probably thought to act like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, produced a brick as a specimen, we shall content ourselves with earnestly recommending them to the perusal of our readers, as furnishing an additional proof, "that a true poetic spirit, in whatever breast it inhabits, will create thoughts, language, and numbers, worthy of the Muse, however unfavourable the occupation and habits of life."

Addisoniana, in two Volumes. Phillips.

The volumes before us form the second of a series of genuine English anas, on the plan of those published in France, the purport of which is, not to select the beauties, but to record the private memorabilia of the lives and writings of the authors to which they are appropriated.

The "Addisoniana" will indeed be found a most useful comment on the works of a man, of whom, (if we may judge from our own feelings) not the most trifling particular can be thought unimportant. They likewise comprise a variety of interesting anecdotes, relative to the principal literary characters of those times, but more especially to Steele, whose friendship with Addison was so close, "that to compile an account of the one, must be to give a life of the other."

The admirers of the Spectator will also find curious illustrations of many passages, which are rendered obscure, from the customs to which they allude having long been obsolete.

Having spoken thus far of their merits, in justice to our readers, we must notice their defects. The volumes abound in frequent repetitions, and a variety of articles are inserted, which obviously tend rather to swell their bulk, than increase their interest.

The embellishments are portraits of Steele and Addison, and fac similes of seven letters (hitherto unpublished) to Mr. Wortley.

A few cursory Remarks upon the State of Parties, during the Administration of the Right Honourable Henry Addington. By a near Observer. 8vo. pp. 84. Hatchard, 1803.

The pamphlet before us is an able and well-written defence of the principal measures of the present administration; and, although its author, in his dedication to Mr. Addington, tells him, he is far from promising that every page shall "soothe his vanity, promote his wishes, or coincide with his opinions;" we are apt to believe that our readers, on perusing it, will agree with us in thinking, that he might have vouched for all three, without any *great* danger of being *forsworn.*

Many of the attacks on Mr. Pitt, are certainly illiberal, and, we believe, unfounded.

Observations on a Ministerial Pamphlet, entitled Cursory Remarks of a near Observer, upon the State of Parties, during the Administration of the Right Honourable Henry Addington. By an anxious Spectator. pp. 44. 2s. 8vo. Ginger. 1803.

A brief Answer to a few Cursory Remarks on the present State of Parties, by a near Observer. 8vo. pp. 56. Budd. 1803.

These pamphlets are well meant, but the abilities of their respective writers are by no means sufficient to enable them to cope with so powerful an antagonist.

The Volunteer's Guide, or complete Military Instructor, in the Drill, Manual, and Platoon Exercises; with various necessary Directions for marching, wheeling, &c. Embellished with twenty-six Engravings, neatly cut in Wood, in which every Motion of a Soldier under Arms is properly exemplified. By an Officer of the 3rd Regiment of Loyal London Volunteers. 12mo. pp. 64. 1s. 6d. Vernor and Hood. 1803.

A volunteer's guide, in this martial age, can by no means be thought unimportant. Of the present we have merely to observe, that it seems calculated to answer its purpose; and contains every direction necessary to enable the soldier to perform the different motions with neatness and precision.

Amadis of Gaul. By Vasco Lobeira. From the Spanish Version of Garciodonez de Montalvo, by Robert Southey. 12mo. 4 Vols. Longman and Rees.

Romance, so well defined by Mr. D'Israeli, "the offspring of Fiction and Love," when considered as exhibiting a faithful picture of the habits and policy of the æra in which it was written, and as affording authentic memorials of an institution, which is justly supposed to have had a very serious effect in refining European manners and customs, must be allowed to have a legitimate claim to attention and respect.

The heterogenous jumble of fiction and truth; the long series of unnatural events, infinitely produced, and destitute of order, connexion, or art, which characterised the miserable productions of many of the early romancers, have been exposed by the inimitable Cervantes, with equal humour and effect. "Let it be remembered, however," says the writer already quoted, "that from these pro-

ductions, in their rather improved state, the poets of all nations have drawn their richest inventions. Spenser is the child of their creation, and it is certain that we are indebted to them for some of the bold and strong touches of Milton."

The romance of Amadis of Gaul (once universally read and admired, but of late years almost exclusively confined to public collections, and the shelves of the curious) has been assigned to various authors, but principally to Vasco Lobeira, a Portuguese, "who was born at Porto, fought at Aljubarotta, where he was knighted upon the field of battle by king Joam, of good memory, and died at Elvas, in 1803." Mr. Southey, from what he conceives unquestionable authority, is decidedly of opinion, and positively asserts, that Vasco Lobeira was its real author. His arguments, however, in support of this hypothesis, although ingenious, are by no means conclusive; and, with all due deference to his opinion, we are much rather inclined to think, as well from the internal evidence, as from a variety of concurring testimonies, that the general outlines of Amadis are of French extraction.

The oldest version extant, however, is, we believe, universally allowed to be that of Garciodonez de Montalvo, who merely professes, in general terms, "to have corrected the work from the old originals, to have abridged it of many superfluous words, and to have inserted others of a more polished and elegant style." Montalvo's work was translated into French by D'Herberay, in 15[illegible], and from thence into English by Anthony Munday, in 1613. These, however, are rarely to be met with, and are, indeed, wholly superseded by the free translation of the Comte de Tressan, "who has completely modernised and naturalised the character of the romance. His book," says Mr. Southey, "is what he designed to make it, an elegant work; but the manners and feelings of the days of chivalry are not to be found there; they are all hidden under a varnish of French sentiment. He has scoured the shield; the glitter which it has gained, does not compensate for the loss of its sharpness, nor for the lines that are effaced."

The romance itself is sufficiently known for its skilful structure, and the beauty and variety of its incidents, to render any commendation of ours superfluous. Its beauties have been ascertained and decided upon, by the verdict of ages; and the curate, who in the purgation of Don Quixote's library, spared it, as being the first and best of the kind, seems but to have given us a just appreciation of its genuine merits.

Of the present version, comprising the four first books, from the Spanish of Montalvo, it is impossible to speak in too high terms:

we should indeed be niggards of praise, if we denied it our unqualified applause. With the fourth book, which closes with the celebration of the nuptials of Amadis and Oriana, the story obviously concludes; yet, even this portion of the work, comparatively short, Mr. Southey professes to have reduced to about half its original length, "by abridging the words, not the story; by curtailing the dialogue, avoiding all recapitulations of the past action, consolidating many of those single blows which have no reference to armorial anatomy, and passing over the occasional moralizings of the author." "Amadis of Gaul," he observes, "is valuable, not only for its intrinsic merit as a fiction, but as a faithful representation of manners and morality;" and as such, he assures us, "these volumes may be referred to as confidently as the original."

The character of the language has been assimilated to the work, "not by intermixing obsolete words, but by rejecting modern phraseology and forms of period;" and the rude and savage nakedness which occasionally, though but rarely, appears in the original, has been scrupulously veiled; a nakedness which D'Herberay seems to have taken delight in exposing, and to introduce which "he has dilated single phrases into whole paragraphs, with that love of lewdness which is so peculiarly and characteristically the disgrace of French literature."

Having been liberal in our commendations on Mr. Southey thus far, we could wish that it was in our power to dismiss him without finding fault. When, however, from his attachment to Portuguese literature, and well-known poetical talents, we were induced to expect an able version of the few metrical pieces which occur in the work, we cannot avoid expressing our displeasure at being fobbed off with the miserable doggrel of Anthony Munday, which Mr. S. himself well characterises as the "shadow of a shade."

The Question, Why do we go to War? temperately discussed, according to the Official Correspondence. 1s. *Wallis.* 1803.

It is to be deplored that abilities of the most splendid kind should not, at a moment of peril like the present, be exerted for the benefit of the country. The state in danger, every good and loyal subject should lend his aid to its assistance. We here see the energies of a great mind endeavouring rather to damp the ardour than raise the spirit of the country.

The Reason Why. In Answer to a Pamphlet entitled, Why do we go to War? 1s. 6d. *Stockdale.* 1803.

A very seasonable antidote to the specious poison, lurking under the semblance of fairness and candour, in the last pamphlet.

Society, a Poem in two Parts; with other Poems. By James Kenney. 12mo. 4s. *Longman and Rees.* 1803.

THE author of this little volume modestly brings it before the tribunal of public criticism; and while he admits his inability to appreciate correctly the value of his own work, hopes at least to be acquitted of the charge of presumption, at a period when, "upon no better credentials than rhyme or measure," so many claimants to the venerated title of poet are incessantly appealing to the decision of the public. In classifying Mr. Kenney, however; far from assigning him an undistinguished station, among the common herd of rhymers, whose lines are alike destitute of intellectual vigour and genuine sensibility, as of polished and melodious rhythm, we consider his poem as combining, with some blemishes and defects, a very considerable portion of poetic merit, containing much good sense, and breathing sentiments of the most amiable benevolence and the purest morality.

The subject suggested itself, no doubt, to the author, while perusing the declamations of Zimmerman and others, against the evils of society, and listening to the eloquent flourishes in which they have displayed the charms and the moral advantages of solitude. The design of the poem is, accordingly, to picture both situations in their *true* colour, and hence to infer, on the contrary, the disadvantages of a solitary life, when contrasted with the pleasures, the comforts, the blessings of society.

In pursuance of this design, Part I. is employed in the representation of the evils of solitude. The author considers the various effects which solitude produces on those delicate minds, who seek it to indulge the reveries of fancy and poetical contemplation;—on those who recur to it in order to cherish sorrow, which he exemplifies by an episode; and on the victims to superstitious seclusion: and he enquires into the tendency of solitude to improve the heart.

In Part II. the poet is occupied with the more pleasing pictures of social intercourse and affection. He illustrates his views on this part of the subject, by various rustic scenes; by the alleviation which sickness derives from social love; by the resources hence derived by age and infirmity; by allusions to the poet Savage, Mrs. Montague's society, the parties of Voltaire; by descriptions of the advances made in arts and civilization by a combination of man's powers, &c. &c.

In a poem of considerable length the most captious critic will

pardon the *paucæ maculæ*, whether in style or matter, which occasionally deface the works of the most careful composers. But the complaint of Horace is, perhaps, peculiarly applicable to the present age, when the labour of polishing his work, the toil of blotting and replacing tint after tint, till the asperities of the picture are softened down into mellowness, without diminishing its strength, is a task, among our poetical rimmers, too generally neglected or contemned.

——— " Offendit unum—
Quemque poetarum limæ labor, et mora." HOR.

Although the author is not a disciple of that school which considers this vulgar negligence of garb as an elegant dishabille, calculated to display rather than to conceal the beauties of truth and sentiment; yet, in several of those less important parts of the poem, necessarily introduced to give a connexion and form to the whole, he is not altogether free from the censure of carelessness. Take, for example, such lines as these:

" Much merit ever may be found to claim
" Thine interest and regard, on which bestow'd
" Thy time and care, some hours may yet elapse
" Without regret amid the busy world." Part 1, l. 91, &c.

" For to you
" A path of equal danger open lies." P. 1, l. 182.

" Each source of pleasure seems in frost's arrest.
" But 'tis not so. P. 2, l. 66.

The poem, and especially the second part, abounds, however, with passages, which, by their beauty and energy, amply compensate for these common defects; and which will not fail to gratify those cultivated minds, who peruse with pleasure the efforts of the modern muse, in the works of the Cowper's, the Hayley's, the Rogers's of the age. The whole episode of Giraldus and Fidelio is entitled to this praise. After being conducted by the poet to the fatal beach, where the melancholy Giraldus (who had left his bed at midnight) was discovered in the morning by the old fisherman, his host, for

---" A kinder couch he had found
" On the smooth sand---a bed of sound repose.
" There now he lay, and mighty ocean roared
" His lullaby to everlasting rest." P. 1, l. 328.

The delicacy and force of the introduction of the lines, after the conclusion of the story by which we are, for the *first time*, apprised that a desperate resolution, and not accident, had produced the fatal catastrophe, pleased us extremely.

"Self-slaughter! how it shocks the soul at ease!
"And at the awful thought, Giraldus too
"Like thee had shuddered, e'er his treacherous woe
"Had tempted him to solitude." P. 1, l. 339.

Till we satisfy ourselves by referring to the "Seasons," it is scarcely possible not to suspect an act of plagiarism in the following lines, so forcibly are we reminded of the descriptive pencil of Thomson:

"A ruder season comes. Stern winter reigns;
"And darkness more than equal empire holds:
"The feeble day peeps faintly o'er the waste,
"And straight reclines.---On the bleak north-breeze flits
"The quiv'ring fleece, at the lone cottage door,
"Held scarcely vacant when the hind would view
"The desolate expanse, intruding thick,
"And bleaching half the murky robe of night." P. 2, l. 58, &c.

"The Task" is likewise repeatedly suggested to the recollection of the reader, by several pleasing passages; but want of room compells us to forbear quotation. We cannot, however, resist the pleasure of adding another extract, in which the author describes, in the true spirit of poetry, the operations of human energy, directed by social culture, when contrasted with the vegetating impotency of savage solitary man, as exemplified in the person of the wild boy, found in the woods of Hamelin.

"To you of undistinguish'd class he seem'd---
"Prone on the glebe, a brother of the herd.
"Ah! little thought he, he had that within
"Might aid to emulate e'en Nature's works,
"The wonder of his God---to seeming life
"By the creative pencils' power transform
"The mimic canvas---all but breath impart
"To change the shapeless marble into man;
"The floods new channel; from the quarry lift
"Broad cupolas, and towering pyramids,
"To parallel the mountains, and with them
"To pierce the clouds, and mingle with the storm!" P. 2, l. 461.

Some poems of minor importance complete the volume, which evince a degree of humour, and are penned with a neatness, that entitle them to praise, and afforded us considerable amusement.

The Suicide; with other Poems. By the Rev. Charles Wicksted Ethelston, M. A. Rector of Worthenbury. 8vo.

The pernicious doctrines inculcated in "The Sorrows of Werter," are the objects of attack in the first of these poems, in which

Mr. E. has exposed the cowardice of suicide to deserved infamy.—This is followed by an animated eulogium on HOWARD, and some other pieces, forming altogether a pleasing miscellany, that must gratify every reader of taste.

Prefixed to the volume is a beautiful engraving, by Cromek, from a design of Stothart's; the subject from "The Suicide."

Religion without Cant, or a Preservative against Lukewarmness, Intolerance, Fanaticism, Superstition, and Impiety. By Robert Fellowes, M. A. 8vo. 9s. Boards. White. 1803.

FANATICISM has seldom encountered a more strenuous and able opponent than the author of this volume. Deeply impressed with the idea of its pernicious tendency, and regarding it as a very vigorous "source of the prevailing declension of virtue, and increase of vice," he has employed the whole strength of his mind in endeavouring to prove its futility, and counteract its deleterious influence. In a discussion of so delicate a nature, it is scarcely matter of surprise, though certainly of regret, that zeal, even in the cause of moderation, occasionally hurries the writer beyond the prescribed limits of candour and liberality. This is more particularly observable in the former part of the work, where he indulges himself very liberally in severity of remark, and acerbity of expression, towards the advocates of certain doctrines, and imputes their belief of them to the worst of motives. It is true his acrimony is directed against those sentiments only which he conceives, and perhaps justly, to be inimical to the interests of morality and true religion: still, allowing the justness of his conclusions, his censure should have been more discriminating; since there can be no doubt but many, especially among the lower classes, embrace them with the utmost sincerity, and the purest intentions. If, in this respect, our author do not admit of complete exculpation, much may be urged in extenuation of his offence, and he has himself considerably palliated it, by the subsequent ingenuous statement, which, at the same time, furnishes a clue to some of the principal subjects which come under his attention, and his opinions concerning them.

"Of those doctrines which relate to the fall, the new birth, divine grace, and which have been made subservient to the worst of purposes, I have endeavoured to give a plain, a scriptural, and a rational explanation. Of that absurd and unscriptural fiction called original sin, which, since the time of St. Austin, has been represented by visionaries, fanatics, and impostors, as the most important and salutary constituent of vital christianity, I have spared no pains to refute the error, and expose the absurdity; and I have employed the more time on this subject, because I am convinced it will be found the root of numberless

corruptions. If, in speaking on this doctrine, I have used warmer language than men of a colder temperament may approve, my only apology is, that such language is the language of my heart: I could not well have employed different expressions without doing violence to my feelings, to my reverence for God, and to my love for mankind. When the obligations of truth, of justice, and of mercy are openly reviled, or insidiously undermined, I should be totally unworthy of the profession which I have embraced if I did not stand forth their fearless and strenuous advocate."

Nor ought it to be forgotten that he never betrays an intollerant spirit, but deprecates, in the strongest terms, the intervention of human power, or any the remotest species of persecution, in matters of religion.

"False theories of religion and of morals ought to be opposed by every measure which is consistent with justice and with charity, but the only force which, in such a service, we can employ with prudence and success, is the moral force of reason; and reason certainly cannot be exerted in a cause more agreeable to the will of him by whom it was bestowed, than when it is exerted in the defence of genuine religion and morality."

These and similar sentiments, emanating from the spirit of catholic charity towards all mankind, abound in every part of the work, and reflect the highest credit on the writer. Having dwelt rather diffusely on his failings, a more pleasing task remains: imperfections there must be somewhere, and it is happy for Mr. F. that his general merit can well suffer some abatement. He has entered deeply into the study of polemical divinity, and nobly scorning the trammels of authority, has founded his decisions on the basis of personal investigation: and though his ideas may be sometimes tinctured with peculiarity, yet the force of his reasoning, and the ingenuity with which he pursues a position through all its bearings and relations, must arrest the serious attention, even if it fail in convincing the judgment of every sincere enquirer after truth. The bulk of the volume being of an argumentative nature, he has judiciously adopted a manner plain and perspicuous, yet devoid of meanness; but where the subject will admit, he has shewn himself capable of adorning it with the highest embellishments of composition. The notes, which are extremely numerous, discover much biblical research, and are a fund of rational entertainment; but it is surely somewhat paradoxical to give pages of quotations from the learned languages, for the edification of opponents whom he expressly charges with ignorance. A copious analysis of the whole is prefixed, in the form of a table of contents.

The War Offering; a small Collection of original Songs, adapted to familiar Tunes, &c. by J. Amphlett. Longman. 6d. 1803.

These political morceaux are prefaced by an ironical dedication to Bonaparte, and a whimsical "exordium," or conversation, in which the "Critic" is disarmed by the modest pretensions of the "Author." The songs, seven in number, contain many smart allusions, with no inconsiderable portion of humour, and are admirably adapted to the present critical emergency.

A short Account of John Marriott, including Extracts from some of his Letters; to which are added, some of his Poetical Productions. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Darton and Harvey. 1803.

From the specimens of poetry and of prose which this little volume exhibits, we are led seriously to lament that the author should not have "died hereafter." A melancholy gloom seems to have pervaded the life of this unfortunate young man, and with which his poems are in general tinctured.

A Friendly Address to the Volunteers of Great Britain. 6d. Rivingtons. 1803.

This is a seasonable address, which we earnestly recommend to the volunteers at this crisis, as a stimulus, if a stimulus were necessary, to induce them to become *soldiers in deed.*

The Poems of Ossian. Translated by James Macpherson, Esq. in two Vols. Crown 8vo. 18s. Bds. Lackington, Allen, and Co. 1803.

Whether these poems be the entire fabrication of the ingenious gentleman who is pleased to designate himself a mere translator, or whether they be fairly attributable to the age in which they are said to have been produced, is not now the question. Their elegant simplicity and beautifully picturesque descriptions are universally acknowledged. This edition is entitled to our notice, on account of the beauty of the type, the tasteful decoration, and the very correct manner in which it is printed.

The Powers of Imagination, a Poem, in three Parts. Written at the Age of sixteen. By Miss Charlotte Seymour. 4to. Longman and Rees. 1803.

This poem claims our attention, from the circumstances and age of the fair writer at the time it was composed. We cannot, however, with all our inclination towards lenity, much commend the partiality of those friends and relatives who recommended the poem to be published. "The Powers of Imagination," as written by a young

lady at sixteen, may, in manuscript, and within a private circle, very deservedly excite wonder: but the publication is, like the poem itself, premature.

Four Heroic Epistles of Ovid; translated into English Verse. 2s. 6d. *Dwyer.* 1803.

Very little of the spirit of the original is transfused into the translation of these epistles. Poetry hath recently become a trade, and this author is entitled to the approbation of a *smooth-trading-poet.*

The Stranger in France; or, a Tour from Devonshire to Paris. Illustrated by Engravings, in Aqua Tinta, of Sketches taken on the Spot. By John Carr, Esq. 4to. 1*l.* 1s. 0*d.* *Large Paper* 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* *Johnson. London.* 1803. (*Continued from Page* 262.)

Much has been said of the *infernal machine* by which the First Consul was intended to have been destroyed in his way to the national institute of music. Mr. Carr passed the ruins of the houses that suffered by the explosion, and gives the following account of an affair which has been involved in some mystery.

"It is now well known that Monsieur Fouché, at the head of the police, was acquainted with this conspiracy from its first conception, and, by his vigilant agents, was informed of the daily progress made in the construction of this destructive instrument, of the plan of which he had even a copy. The conspirators proceeded with perfect confidence, and, as they thought, with perfect security. Three days before it was quite compleated, and ready for its fell purpose, from some surprise, or dread of detection, they changed their place of meeting, and, in one night, removed the machine from the spot where it had been usually deposited. The penetrating eye of the police lost sight of them. Fouché and his followers exercised their unrivalled talents for pursuit and discovery, to no purpose. The baffled minister then waited upon Bonaparte, to whom he had regularly imparted the result of every day's information respecting it, and told him, that he could no longer trace the traitorous instrument of his assassination, and requested him, as he knew it must be compleated by this time, not to go to any public places, until he had regained a knowledge of it. Bonaparte replied, that fear only made cowards and conspirators brave; and that he had unalterably determined to go with his accustomed equipage to the National Concert that very evening. At the usual hour, the First Consul set off, undismayed, from the Thuilleries, a description of the machine, which was made to resemble a water cask, being first given to the coachman, servants, and guards. As they proceeded, the advanced guard passed it unobserved, but the coachman discovered it just as the consular carriage was on a parallel with it; instantly the dexterous and faithful charioteer lashed his horses into full speed, and turned the corner of the Rue Marcem. In one moment after, the terrible machine exploded, and covered the street with ruins. The

thunder of its discharge shook the houses of Paris, and was heard at a considerable distance in the country."

It is impossible to turn over many pages of this agreeable publication, without meeting with some anecdote or description too striking not to be transcribed. The account of David, conspicuous among the savage monsters which disgraced France during the reign of Terror, and yet the most celebrated and successful cultivator of one of the *peaceful arts*, is, on many accounts, particularly interesting.

"During my stay in Paris, I visited the gallery of David. This celebrated artist has amassed a fortune of upwards of two hundred thousand pounds, and is permitted, by his great patron and friend, Bonaparte, to occupy the corner wing of the old palace, from which every other man of genius and science, who was entitled to reside there, has been removed to other places, in order to make room for the reception of the grand National library, which the First Consul intends to have deposited there. His apartments are very magnificent, and furnished in that taste, which he has, by the influence of his fame, and his elegance of design, so widely and successfully diffused. Whilst I was seated in his rooms, I could not help fancying myself a contemporary of the most tasteful times of Greece. Tunics and robes were carelessly, but gracefully, thrown over the antique chairs, which were surrounded by elegant statues, and ancient libraries, so disposed, as to perfect the classical illusion. I found David in his garden, putting in the back ground of a painting. He wore a dirty robe, and an old hat. His eyes are dark and penetrating, and beam with the lustre of genius. His collection of paintings and statues, and many of his own studies, afforded a perfect banquet. He was then occupied in drawing a fine portrait of Bonaparte. The presence of David covered the gratification with gloom. Before me, in the bosom of that art, which is said, with her divine associates, to soften the souls of men, I beheld the remorseless judge of his sovereign, the destroyer of his brethren in art, and the enthusiast and confidential friend of Robespierre. David's political life is too well known. During the late scenes of horror, he was asked by an acquaintance, how many heads had fallen upon the scaffold that day? to which he is said coolly to have replied, '*only one hundred and twenty!!* The heads of twenty thousand more must fall, before the great work of philosophy can be accomplished.'

"It is related of him, that, during the reign of the Mountain, he carried his portfolio to the front of the scaffold, to catch the last emotions of expiring nature, from the victims of his revolutionary rage.

"He directed and presided at the splendid funeral solemnities of Lepelletier, who was assassinated by Paris, in which his taste and intimate knowledge of the ceremonies of the ancients, on similar occasions, were eminently displayed.

"Farewell, David! when years have rolled away, and time has mellowed the works of thy sublime pencil, mayst thou be remembered only as *their* creator; may thy fame repose herself upon the tableau of the dying Socrates, and the miraculous passage of the Alpine hero; may the ensanguined records of thy political frenzy moulder away, and may science, who knew not blood till thou wert known, whose pure and hallowed inspirations have made men happier, and better, till thou wert born, implore for thee forgiveness; and whilst, with rapture,

she points to the immortal images of thy divine genius, may she cover with an impenetrable pall, the pale and shuddering, and bleeding victims of thy sanguinary soul!

"The great abilities of this man have alone enabled him to survive the revolution, which, strange to relate, has, throughout its ravages, preserved a veneration for science, and, in general, protected her distinguished followers. Bonaparte, who possesses great taste, "that instinct superior to study, surer than reasoning, and more rapid than reflection," entertains the greatest admiration for the genius of David, and always consults him in the arrangement of his paintings and statues. All the costumes of government have been designed by this artist.

"David is not without his adherents. He has many pupils, the sons of respectable, and some of them of noble families, residing in different parts of Europe. They are said to be much attached to him, and have formed themselves into a military corps, for the purpose of occasionally doing honour to him, and were lately on the point of revenging an insult which had been offered to his person, in a manner, which, if perpetrated, would have required the interest of their master to have saved them from the scaffold.

"But neither the gracious protection of consular favour, nor the splendour of unrivalled abilities, can restore their polluted possessor to the affections and endearments of social intercourse. Humanity has drawn a *sable circle* round him. He leads the life of a proscribed exile, in the very centre of the gayest city in Europe. In the gloomy shade of unchosen seclusion, he passes his ungladdened hours, in the hope of covering his guilt with his glory, and of presenting to posterity, by the energies of his unequalled genius, some atonement for the havoc and ruin of that political hurricane, of which he directed the fury, and befriended the desolations, against every contemporary object that nature had endeared, and virtue consecrated."

David is called the first painter in the world; but we are bold to say that there is a man in this kingdom who contests the palm with him. Let the series of pictures painted by BARRY, in the rooms belonging to the society of arts and sciences, be compared with every thing that has been done by David, and we are confident that all the judges of what constitutes a great painter will declare in favour of our countryman.

Mr. Carr did not fail to visit the *Museum* or *Palace of Arts*, containing a collection of 1030 paintings, "which are considered to be the *chefs d'œuvre* of the great ancient masters, and is a treasury of human art and genius, unknown to the most renowned of former ages, and far surpassing every other institution of the same nature in the present times." Mr. C.'s remarks on some of the most celebrated performances are very judicious; the name of the French marine painter was, however, not Verney but *Vernet*. He painted all the principal sea ports in France for Louis XV.

As a companion to the portrait of *filial piety* exhibited in a former extract, we shall present our readers with the following most affecting instances of *conjugal* and *motherly affection*, accompanied

by that noble intrepidity of soul of which the female sex has, in great emergencies, furnished so many splendid examples.

"One evening, a short period before the family left France, a party of those murderers, who were sent for by Robespierre, from the frontiers which divide France from Italy, and who were by that arch-fiend employed in all the butcheries and massacres of Paris, entered the peaceful village of la Reine, in search of Monsieur O——. His lady saw them advancing, and anticipating their errand, had just time to give her husband intelligence of their approach, who left his chateau by a back door, and secreted himself in the house of a neighbour. Madame O——, with perfect composure, went out to meet them, and received them in the most gracious manner. They sternly demanded Mons. O——: she informed them that he had left the country, and, after engaging them in conversation, she conducted them into her drawing room, and regaled them with her best wines, and made her servants attend upon them with unusual deference and ceremony. Their appearance was, altogether horrible; they wore leathern aprons, which were sprinkled all over with blood; they had large horse pistols in their belts, and a dirk and sabre by their sides. Their looks were full of ferocity, and they spoke a harsh dissonant patois language. Over their cups, they talked about the bloody business of that day's occupation, in the course of which they drew out their dirks, and wiped from their handles clots of blood and hair. Madame O—— sat with them, undismayed at their frightful deportment. After drinking several bottles of Champaign and Burgundy, these savages began to grow good-humoured, and seemed to be completely fascinated by the amiable and unembarrassed, and hospitable behaviour of their fair landlady. After carousing till midnight, they pressed her to retire, observing, that they had been received so handsomely that they were convinced Monsieur O—— had been misrepresented, and was no enemy to the *good cause*; they added that they found the wines excellent, and after drinking two or three bottles more, they would leave the house, without causing her any reason to regret their admission.

"Madame O——, with all the appearance of perfect tranquillity and confidence in their promises, wished her unwelcome visitors a good night, and, after visiting her children in their rooms, she threw herself upon her bed, with a loaded pistol in each hand, and, overwhelmed with suppressed agony and agitation, she *soundly* slept till she was called by her servants, two hours after these wretches had left the house."

"About the same period, two of the children of Monsieur O—— were in Paris at school. A rumour had reached him, that the teachers of the seminary in which they were placed, had offended the government, and were likely to be butchered, and that the carnage which was expected to take place, might, in its undistinguishing fury, extend to the pupils. Immediately upon receiving this intelligence, Monsieur O—— ordered his carriage, for the purpose of proceeding to town. Madame O—— implored of him to permit her to accompany him: in vain did he beseech her to remain at home: the picture of danger which he painted, only rendered her more determined. She mounted the carriage, and seated herself by the side of her husband. When they reached Paris, they were stopped in the middle of the street St. Honoré, by the massacre of a large number of prisoners who had just been taken out of a church which had been

converted into a prison. Their ears were pierced with screams. Many of the miserable victims were cut down, clinging to the windows of their carriage. During the dreadful delays which they suffered in passing through this street, Madame O—— discovered no sensations of alarm, but stedfastly fixed her eyes upon the back of the coach box, to avoid, as much as possible, observing the butcheries which were perpetrating on each side of her.

"Had she been observed to close her eyes, or to sit back in the carriage, she would have excited a suspicion, which, no doubt, would have proved fatal to her. At length, she reached the school which contained her children, where she found the rumour which they had received was without foundation; she calmly conducted them to the carriage, and during their gloomy return through Paris, betrayed no emotions; but as soon as they had passed the barrier, and were once more in safety upon the road to their peaceful chateau, the exulting mother, in an agony of joy, pressed her children to her bosom, and, in a state of mind wrought up to frenzy, arrived at her own house in convulsions of ghastly laughter."

"Monsieur O——" (from whom Mr. Carr received there relations, at the chateau of the former) "never spoke of this charming woman without exhibiting the strongest emotions of regard. He said, that in sickness she suffered no one to attend upon him but herself; that in all his afflictions she had supported him, and that she mitigated the deep melancholy which the sufferings of his country and his own privations had fixed upon him, by the well-timed sallies of her elegant fancy, or by the charms of her various accomplishments."

"I found myself," (adds Mr. Carr, with a compliment that seems very justly due) "a gainer in the article of delight, by leaving the gayest metropolis that Europe can present to a traveller, for the sake of visiting such a family."

DRAMATIC.

Une Folie. A Comic Opera, in two Acts. Being a Translation from the Original of Love Laughs at Locksmiths. A Piece performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, with universal Applause. 8vo. Lackington, Allen, and Co. 1803.

Mr. Colman, in his very clever adaptation of this piece to the English stage, under the title of Love Laughs at Locksmiths, acknowledges, in his advertisement to the songs, the source from whence the piece is derived. We can hardly suspect that gentleman of any *under-hand dealing*, notwithstanding the inferences the translator of this piece draws in his "address to the public." It will ever be thus:—the moment a translation of any dramatic effort succeeds on the stage, there are numerous foster-fathers prepared to put in their claim to the merit of the original suggestion.

This translation is executed with elegance and with spirit, but still, without the aid of Mr. Colman's happy additions and illustrations, we are of opinion it could not have succeeded.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.
The Imitation of Life---The Mirror of Manners---The Representation of Truth.

ANECDOTE OF MOLIERE.

The most celebrated wits of France, in the time of Lewis XIV. lived in the greatest unanimity and harmony, and, attracted by a mutual esteem for each other's merit, formed themselves into a friendly society, and oftener than once in a week had a common supper, when the pleasures of the table were the least part of the entertainment, and where the conversation, we doubt not, was far more worthy to be recorded, than that of the seven wise Greeks, related by Plutarch.

Moliere, one of the gayest companions of this brilliant company, frequently entertained them at a villa he possessed on the banks of the Seine, near Paris: his worthy guests, in general, were too good judges of pleasure to let intoxication usurp the seat of wit and learning; though Bacchus was always admitted to enliven the spirits of the Muses.

This agreeable party, consisting of Peter and Thomas Cornielle, Racine, Chapelle, Moliere, Patru, La Fontaine, la Bruiere, and several other respectable writers, being one evening at Moliere's country house, the host, quite fatigued, was obliged to retire to rest, and leave his post to Chapelle. The wit, in order to increase the spirits of his company, pushed the champagne briskly about, and intoxication, unperceived, stole in. They began to talk of immortality, and consequently of the futility of the pleasures of this world, and came at last to this conclusion, that the great object of human life should be, by some renowned action, to acquire immortal fame. From this observation, one of the company took occasion to say, "Gentlemen, this being the case, since life is so worthless, and fame so desirable, what can be more eligible, more noble, or more glorious, than, by shaking off this load of life, to acquire eternal renown?—My advice, therefore, is, that we should all go together to the Seine, and there plunge in; and by thus dying in that unity with which we have lived, our names and our friendship will be celebrated by all posterity." The vapours of the wine had so far heated their imaginations, and clouded their judgments, that this extravagant proposition appeared highly rational. They prepared, therefore, with great solemnity, to offer this sacrifice to fame.

A poor old servant, who was perfectly sober, understanding their design, ran and waked his master. Moliere presently appeared among them, was immediately acquainted with their intention,

and invited to partake of immortality. He thought it would not be prudent to oppose their project directly, but said, "My dear friends, I approve your design extremely, and am very ready to enjoy so glorious a death; but by no means at this time; for posterity may insinuate, by its being performed at so late an hour, that it was not the effect of philosophy, but inebriety: and so important an action should be free even from a possibility of reflection: the only wise step, therefore, to be taken is, that every one repair to his own bed, and that we assemble early in the morning, and then, with that coolness and serenity becoming true philosophers, carry this noble design into execution." This proposal met with universal approbation, and every one, except Moliere, retired contentedly to bed.—The next morning, when these great men had recovered the use of their reason, they shuddered at that rashness which a few hours before had appeared so glorious; and acknowledged that the only road to real fame was to exert their abilities in the service of literature, instead of rendering their memories detestable by an unthinking and useless act of suicide.

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

No. VI.

ON TRAGEDY. BY DR. BLAIR.

[Continued from page 302.]

THE CHARACTERS.

Having treated of the dramatic action in tragedy, I proceed next to treat of the characters most proper to be exhibited. It has been thought, by several critics, that the nature of tragedy requires the principal personages to be always of illustrious character, and of high, or princely rank; whose misfortunes and sufferings, it is said, take faster hold of the imagination, and impress the heart more forcibly than similar events happening to persons in private life. But this is more specious than solid. It is refuted by facts. For the distresses of Desdemona, Monimia, and Belvidera, interest us as deeply as if they had been princesses or queens. The dignity of tragedy does, indeed, require, that there should be nothing degrading or mean in the circumstances of the persons which it exhibits: but it requires nothing more. Their high rank may render the spectacle more splendid, and the subject seemingly of more importance, but conduces very little to its being interesting or pathetic; which depends entirely on the nature of the tale, on the art of the poet in conducting it, and on the sentiments to which it gives occa-

sion. In every rank of life, the relations of father, husband, son, brother, lover, or friend, lay the foundation of those affecting situations, which make man's heart feel for man.

The moral characters of the persons represented are of much greater consequence than the external circumstances in which the poet places them. Nothing, indeed, in the conduct of tragedy demands a poet's attention more, than so to describe his personages, and so to order the incidents which relate to them, as shall leave upon the spectators impressions favourable to virtue, and to the administration of providence. It is not necessary, for this end, that poetical justice, as it is called, should be observed in the catastrophe of the piece. This has been long exploded from tragedy; the end of which is, to affect us with pity for the virtuous in distress, and to afford a probable representation of the state of human life, where calamities often befal the best, and a mixed portion of good and evil is appointed for all. But, withal, the author must beware of shocking our minds with such representations of life as tend to raise horror, or to render virtue an object of aversion. Though innocent persons suffer, their sufferings ought to be attended with such circumstances as shall make virtue appear amiable and venerable; and shall render their condition, on the whole, preferable to that of bad men, who have prevailed against them. The stings and the remorse of guilt must ever be represented as productive of greater miseries than any that the bad can bring upon the good.

Aristotle's observations on the characters proper for tragedy, are very judicious. He is of opinion, that perfect unmixed characters, either of good or ill men, are not the fittest to be introduced. The distresses of the one, being wholly unmerited, hurt and shock us; and the sufferings of the other occasion no pity. Mixed characters, such as, in fact, we meet with in the world, afford the most proper field for displaying, without any bad effect on morals, the vicissitudes of life; and they interest us the more deeply, as they display emotions and passions, which we have all been conscious of. When such persons fall into distress, through the vices of others, the subject may be very pathetic; but it is always more instructive when a person has been himself the cause of his misfortune, and when his misfortune is occasioned by the violence of passion, or by some weakness incident to human nature. Such subjects both dispose us to the deepest sympathy, and administer useful warnings to us for our own conduct.

Upon these principles, it surprises me that the story of Œdipus should have been so much celebrated by all the critics, as one of the fittest subjects for tragedy; and so often brought upon the stage,

not by Sophocles only, but by Corneille also, and Voltaire. An innocent person, one, in the main, of a virtuous character, through no crime of his own, nay, not by the vices of others, but through mere fatality and blind chance, is involved in the greatest of all human miseries. In a casual rencounter, he kills his father, without knowing him; he afterwards is married to his own mother; and, discovering himself in the end to have committed both parricide and incest, he becomes frantic, and dies in the utmost misery. Such a subject excites horror rather than pity. As it is conducted by Sophocles, it is indeed extremely affecting; but it conveys no instruction; it awakens in the mind no tender sympathy; it leaves no impression favourable to virtue or humanity.

It must be acknowledged, that the subjects of the ancient Greek tragedies were too often founded on mere destiny, and inevitable misfortunes. They were too much mixed with their tales about oracles, and the vengeance of the gods, which led to many an incident sufficiently melancholy and tragical; but rather purely tragical, than useful or moral. Hence, both the Œdipus's of Sophocles, the Iphigenia in Aulis, the Hecuba of Euripides, and several of the like kind. In the course of the drama, many moral sentiments occurred. But the instruction which the fable of the play conveyed seldom was any more than that reverence was owing to the gods, and submission due to the decress of destiny. Modern tragedy has aimed at a higher object, by becoming more the theatre of passion; pointing out to men the consequences of their own misconduct; showing the direful effects which ambition, jealousy, love, resentment, and other such strong emotions, when misguided, or left unrestrained, produce upon human life. An Othello, hurried by jealousy to murder his innocent wife; a Jaffier, ensnared by resentment and want, to engage in a conspiracy, and then stung with remorse, and involved in ruin; a Siffredi, through the deceit which he employs for public-spirited ends, bringing destruction on all whom he loved; a Calista, seduced into a criminal intrigue, which overwhelms herself, her father, and all her friends in misery: these, and such as these, are the examples which tragedy now displays to public view; and by means of which it inculcates on men the proper government of their passions.

Of all the passions which furnish matter to tragedy, that which has most occupied the modern stage, is love. To the ancient theatre it was in a manner wholly unknown. In few of their tragedies is it ever mentioned; and I remember no more than one which turns upon it, the Hippolitus of Euripides. This was owing to the national manners of the Greeks, and to that greater separation of

the two sexes from one another, than has taken place in modern times; aided too, perhaps, by this circumstance, that no female actors ever appeared on the ancient stage. But though no reason appears for the total exclusion of love from the theatre, yet with what justice or propriety it has usurped so much place, as to be in a manner the sole hinge of modern tragedy, may be much questioned. Voltaire, who is no less eminent as a critic than as a poet, declares loudly and strongly against this predominancy of love, as both degrading the majesty, and confining the natural limits of tragedy.—And, assuredly, the mixing of it perpetually with all the great and solemn revolutions of human fortune which belong to the tragic stage, tends to give tragedy too much the air of gallantry and juvenile entertainment. The Athalie of Racine, the Meropé of Voltaire, the Douglas of Mr. Home, are sufficient proofs, that, without any assistance from love, the drama is capable of producing its highest effects upon the mind.

This seems to be clear, that wherever love is introduced into tragedy, it ought to reign in it, and to give rise to the principal action. It ought to be that sort of love which possesses all the force and majesty of passion; and which occasions great and important consequences. For nothing can have a worse effect, or be more debasing to tragedy, than, together with the manly and heroic passions, to mingle a trifling love intrigue, as a sort of seasoning to the play. The bad effects of these are sufficiently conspicuous both in the Cato of Mr. Addison, as I had occasion before to remark, and in the Iphigenie of Racine.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ENGLISH THEATRE.

From Mr. Pratt's New Volume of

"GLEANINGS IN ENGLAND."

Now in the Press.

THE STAGE ought to be considered as the great scene of mingled amusement and instruction of the people in general, and of the mirth and seriousness, morality and emulative talent of the nation in particular. Perhaps the first view which a young and unpractised person, new to London, and indeed to the world, takes of the stage, is amongst the warmest and strongest fascinations that can bind the human imagination. It held mine for some years in chains of such magic, that the impressions they wrought into my very heart, are never to be worn out. I magnified every mimic hero and heroine into the god and goddess of that heart's idolatry. And

if time would permit, I could amuse and interest you, by detailing the sort of homage I paid to the actress whom I had first seen perform the part of Imogen, on the London boards: I detested the insidious queen who separated her from Posthumus so violently, that I could have almost sprung upon her across the orchestra, and torn the crown from her head; and as for the 'yellow Jachimo' I could have nailed him down in his pretended travelling trunk. But how fondly did I follow the fair fugitive in her disguise! how did my affections attend her to Milford Haven! how twine themselves about the faithful Pisanio—how share in the scorn of the Princess over the insolent Cloten, mourn over the flowery bier of Fidele, and triumph in the happy re-union of the lovers!

Nor was the devotion of my feelings offered only to the great poet, or to the player who represented one of his most amiable characters. No, my friend, in this glowing season of ignorance and youth, I could scarcely be persuaded that there was any thing like fiction in any part of the delight I received. So intensely was my fancy kindled, and my feelings exerted, I almost annihilated the sublime bard himself, and supposed all that I heard or saw the spontaneous effusion of a real Imogen; and that Imogen the very lady who performed the part. A proof of this might be gathered from my charm continuing after she had resumed her character. No sooner had the curtain dropt, than, unable to bear the thoughts of chasing away the virtuous grief or joy of my heart, by the burlesque, or the coarse humour of a farce, I left the theatre, and waited at the stage door for a sight of my Imogen returning home. I found out her sedan, and stuck as close to it as one of the chairmen; heedless of a cold and inclement night. This princess of my imagination, in the majestic form of Mrs. Yates, at last came forth, and though she was completely mufled up, tucked herself into her chair, and was bobbed off at a slow trot just like a common mortal, I converted every circumstance to her honour. In fancy's eye I still saw her an illumined object, through all the smoke of the streets, blink of the lamps, and the pelting of the rain; and when the fellows, who had the honour to carry her, set down their precious load, at her well-remembered aparments in King-street, Covent Garden—which I have never passed since, without either smiling or sighing at the circumstances—never my friend—O never shall I forget the bounding sensation with which I saw my paragon quit her sedan, order her chairmen at ten the next morning, to a rehearsal, and ascend to her apartments. And although the passage to those, had nothing to distinguish them from a thousand others,

which, at that period, more inferior beings might have had for about a guinea and a half per week, they maintained their importance in my imagination, and their dignity in my feeling, not only during that night, while I ruminated upon them in my own rooms, but the whole of this my first excursion to London.

How all this imagery of a warm heart came to be dismantled, by what means the enchantment was dissolved, and how the fairy scenery was melted away,

> " Even as the baseless fabric of a vision,
> " Which leaves not a wreck behind,"

has no necessary connexion with this true picture of my own, and I dare believe of every youthful and enthusiast mind. It was most delicious while it remained; the tinting of the rainbow was not more bright, rich, or lovely; and even if, like many other prospects of life, it faded under our eyes, and turned out to be only one of

> " Painted clouds which beautify our days,"

it delights us by its transitory splendour, and the dull realities, or even the darknesses which sometimes follow, are but according to the inevitable changes which take place in the ever-shifting scenery of life.

The British theatre has always had virtues as well as talents, and never, perhaps, more of the former, in the aggregate, than at the present day. Of the latter, we have less to complain than of their application; but then, again, it should be remembered, whoever it was that has introduced the false and vicious taste, which your Gleaner before commented upon, the public deserve to share the blame, for giving it their suffrage, in the first instance, and still more for continuing to applaud it in the second. They are well aware of the truth of Johnson's poetical remark, that

> " Those who live to please must please to live;"

and they have but to be pleased with natural character and genuine wit or pathos, and to shew their disrelish of inflated buffoonery, and over-strained caricature, to redeem the comic, and reform the tragic Muses of the country, from their long and ignominious degradation. I am convinced, my friend, that some who, of late years, have debased their abilities by sacrificing to a system of trick and finesse, which is almost beneath the operations of harlequin, would rally round the standard of GOOD SENSE and NATURE, were the public but to give both authors and actors *their cue*, and to bring those exploded, exiled, though once honoured guardians of the stage, again into fashion.

But what shall I say to a literary magician amongst us, who

could bring these exiles from banishment with the waving of his pen, and whose magic wand, bestowed by Genius, could first create a fashion and then give it vogue? My friend, I have still to deplore the determined alienation of SHERIDAN, of whose ingratitude to the Muse that loves him, and to the country which loves his Muse, I have before complained and lamented: and even Britannia herself can scarcely reconcile his exclusive devotion to her senate, with the total desertion of her stage, since the manners and morals, and, confessedly, the happiness of a great people depend as much on the influence of a well-supplied theatre, as on a well governed senate.

The magnificence of Drury-Lane play-house will convey to you new proofs of the grandeur of the metropolis, and I have seen it full to over-flowing:—yet, generally speaking, you will think it on too vast a scale; and sometimes feel cold, and observe a sort of empty air about it, though in reality there may be a good audience, but while there is not to be found in the other house a single crevice unoccupied.

This appears to be a radical defect, and to require as desperate a remedy as many of the dramas themselves, which have been, no doubt, offered to the manager for representation: namely, to cut it down or contract it into more reasonable dimensions. And yet I know an easy remedy, and without moving a single brick. Let the author of the "School for Scandal," of the "Duenna," of the "Rivals," and of the "Critic," *write for his own theatre.* Let Mr. SHERIDAN enter into a contract, to furnish only one piece in the season for ten years to come; and then so far from there subsisting any complaint of his theatre being *over-built,* I will venture to predict that, before the close of his dramatic engagement, the cry of the proprietors and of the public would be for *want of room!!*

With respect to the other theatre, it has been justly observed, that the late elegant interior decorations, which do so much credit to the taste and spirit of the proprietor, Mr. Harris, are supported by authors, composers, performers, and mechanics of the first excellence, and it is, in every respect, the worthy rival of its superb neighbour.

I cannot take leave of the English stage, my dear Baron, without saying a few words on what is technically called *dramatic damnation.* Upon this subject I meditated ten years ago, and I have seen nothing to alter my sentiments, but every thing to confirm them. Those who have attended theatres, very well know, that they contain, on the first night of almost every new performance, a countless variety of causes, many of them trifling in themselves, but the least, of suffi-

cient importance to destroy the hopes of the man who hath certainly intended, and to the best of his power, attempted, public amusement. The play-house, like the grave, brings friends and enemies together, and both are, as in the grave, promiscuously placed by the side of one another: yet, unlike the tomb in one respect, they assemble in the theatre, not to lose the passions of nature, not to drop the asperities of the heart, or forget they ever had a foe, nor yet "to cease from troubling, and be at peace;" but every man comes armed, either with the terrors of prejudice, or the less hostile (though frequently not less dangerous) weapons of prepossession: an injudicious friend being the most *determined* enemy whom any man, and particularly a dramatic writer, hath to encounter. Now where large bodies of men are *drawn up as it were in battle array*, the one part *preresolved to attack*, and the other *to defend*, the victory is generally to the strong, and of course, ill-success at all events ensues: for supposing the friends and enemies are equal as to numbers, they are always unequal as to force; it being settled by stage experience, that one hiss can destroy the effect of a thousand plaudits. Dramatic success depends much also on the immediate temper of an audience, their dispositions to be pleased or displeased at the time; their opinion of an author's politics; his former good or bad luck; his former lustre, or his present obscurity. If he come forth *avowed*, any one may take aim at his expectations for a very trifling expence; the malicious opportunity which has, perhaps, been watched for by persons to whom he is obnoxious (and watched too with all the vigilance of implacability) at last offers itself, and is not to be neglected. "Envy, malice, and uncharitableness" behold, at length, their object a fair mark before them; and even if an author escapes these, other annoyers are in the rear. If, on the contrary, a writer folds up his name in mystery, there are those who think it right to prevent the multiplication of dramatic authors, and wishing themselves to keep, as it is called, *possession of both houses*, crush ambitious genius in its bud, and, by checking its first aspirings, impede its progress, or deter from further exertion. To a right mind, praise is the nurse of excellence, and by withholding this, in due season, the world has probably lost many a great and valuable acquisition; a truth that will hold good through all the arts and sciences, and indeed through life: and it is certain that the want of generous, well-timed encouragement has done even more injury, than the intoxication of applause.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A YOUNG LADY, HER FRIEND.

SONNET

XXVIII.

By the Lady, Author of the preceding Series.

And wilt Thou leave me, Anna, and go hence?
Must we when dearest to each other part:
When most thy Friend feels that she wants defence
Against the anguish of a wounded heart!

II.

Remember, Anna, if she brought relief
When sharp Affliction occupied thy breast,
How, with some moments of suspended Grief
She strove to lengthen out thy short-liv'd Rest.—
To chear thy sorrows, her own heart opprest,
Or chear thee with the converse you approv'd,
Or with those Authors, priz'd among the best,
Whose sympathetic strain she knew was lov'd.—
How, in progressive Friendship she has grown,
Till thy unhappiness became her own.

Written, May 1800. S. W. F. now L.

To the Author of the preceding Series,

The Day after her Birth-day.

SONNET.

My Sarah, my Heart feels a simple Lay
Due to thy *three and twentieth* year completed.
How little all that Poesy can say
For Vows to Heaven, not in vain, repeated!
The Boon is given which my fond Soul entreated,
A Daughter: who in some propitious Day
Gives hope that not those Prayers shall be defeated
Which ask'd a Child whose Mind's attemper'd ray

II
Might like her Mother's beam.—*Calamity**
Sweeps near us with her dark and viewless Wing.
But may it still this Infant spare and Thee,
And, Victress of our Cares and Fears, Joy spring!
And ere this Day's Return may EUROPE know
Some respite to her Cares, her Burthens, and her Woe.

Troston, 8th *Nov.* 1803. C. L.

TO MR. MACKINTOSH.

On reading his animated Speech to the Loyal North Britons†.

YES, Mackintosh! thy speech, by Freedom fir'd,
Shall make the tortur'd tyrant feel her power;
Shall dart dismay into the dastards hir'd
To trample on her rights in luckless hour.
By BOASTING, courage ne'er can be display'd,
Nor by DESPISING DANGER, when 'tis nigh,
But, with thee, we shall meet it undismay'd,
Nor dread to view it with expanded eye.
What though he brav'd the pestilent disease,
And scorching heats of desart Afric's plains?
Can Britain stoop a tyrant's pride to please?
Can British freedom bear a tyrant's chains?
What though he scal'd the towering Alps, that rear
Their snowy summits o'er once far-fam'd Rome,
Can Bonaparte make Britannia fear?
Then let degraded slavery be our doom!
Then, with low fawning Frenchmen, let us plan,
To offer shameful incense at his shrine:
To deify a wretched fellow man,
And meanness thus with impious guilt combine.
Forbid it heaven! If wretches without shame
Prefer a coward's eye, a tyrant's smiles,
To virtuous freedom, or a deathless name,
None such there are, we trust, in Britain's isles.

* In this small Village a child of about five years was burnt to death on the evening of the 11th *Oct.* by her cloaths taking fire accidentally. On the 4th of this Month a very promising and amiably temper'd Child was shot dead by her Brother, about a year older than herself. And since that another girl broke her thigh.

† See the corrected report published by Longman and Rees, Paternoster-Row.

No, Mackintosh! the hills which gave thee birth
Ne'er groan'd beneath a base usurper's sway;
Then, to oppose this tyrant of the earth,
Undaunted still let's mingle in the fray.
Rouse, rouse! To arms!—too long do we delay;
Let freedom's awful banners be unfurl'd;
Britain these banners proudly shall display,
And stand alone amid a conquer'd world.

A HIGHLANDER.

THE SWISS MOUNTAIN PEASANT.

SEE where, o'erspread with everlasting snow,
The mountains' lofty summits tow'r sublime;
Where, fearless of the yawning depths below,
From cliff to cliff the ibex dares to climb.

Say, who is he that treads with ventrous pace,
With staff outstretch'd to probe the dangerous way?
'Tis the poor peasant, hardiest of his race,
Returning to the labours of the day.

Where yonder crag o'erhangs the narrow pass,
Awfully terrible! prepar'd to fall
On each devoted head, a horrid mass!
E'en now he speeds his way where labours call.

Inur'd to active toil, his hardy mind
Nor groans with discontent, nor pines with care,
His faithful dog, still following close behind,
Shares all his dangers, all his humble fare.

When Ev'ning spreads around her mantle grey,
With calm content he seeks his humble cot;
'Tis thus he passes each revolving day,
Beset with toils, soon past, as soon forgot.

Say, ye who live in luxury and ease,
Do pomp and splendour happiness supply?
Say, do vain riches furnish scenes like these,
Which with the humble peasant's lot can vie.

No! true Content alone her gifts bestows
  On breasts with love of native virtue fir'd;
On those pure minds where ardent nature glows,
  Where vice is loath'd, but virtuous deeds admir'd.

May 12, 1801. PAULINA.

ATLINIA.

A Pastoral.

As through the grove Atlinia I pursu'd,
  By Hope embolden'd, on Love's wings convey'd,
The flying fair with fleetest glance I view'd,
  But Love allur'd, while fruitless hope betray'd.
Ah! conscious Innocence, I then exclaim'd,
Has native Virtue left thee still untam'd?

Tell me, blythe Zephyr, as you pass me by,
  Wilt thou more nimbly chace the flying fair?
Wilt thou, the bearer of a love-fraught sigh,
  Exact access t' Atlinia's tender care?
Bid her exclude each coy coquettish thought:
Tho beauty flies, it flies but to be caught.

Ye opening hyacinths, that scent the vale,
  Soon as Atlinia treads thy balmy shade
Resign thy odour, and to sickly pale
  Convert thy hue, resign thy pow'rs, and fade:
But, as the gales disperse thy rich perfume,
Teach her that beauty bears no second bloom.

Ye woods, where solitude, in peaceful reign,
  Revolves through wisdom's unfrequented maze;
Where Fancy leads her variegated train,
  And teeming thought imagin'd scenes surveys:
Oft have ye witness'd my pathetic theme,
And my fair echo'd, as thy fav'rite name.

My mourning flocks refuse the pearly soil,
  And, widely scatter'd, raise their pensive bleat;
No more they gain Atlinia's cheering smile,
  No longer shelter'd from the noon-tide heat.

Yet thus they murmur as they heedless stray,
Their shepherd's more unhappy still than they.

Then list, Atlinia, to a voice sincere,
Nor cloud the landscape of my early joys;
New fangled fancy, like intrusive care,
Is most alluring, when it most destroys;
Fly not thy flocks, nor leave thy friend behind,—
If thoud'st be charming, be sincere and kind.

Plymouth. O. B.

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF GRAY.

*RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. PENN.**

HERE, by mourning Fancy led,
The pensive traveller oft shall stray,
To muse around the hallow'd spot,
Where sleep the cold remains of Gray.

His breast, with softest pity fraught,
Shall heave the tender thrilling sigh;
And grateful mem'ry fondly shed
The tear of heart-felt sympathy.

Reflection, with her weeping train,
And pious Friendship, oft appear,
And sorrow-soothing Hope is seen,
With sad Regret, a hermit here.

Ah, what avail the powers of song,
And why has worth so short a date?
Sure all the talents Nature gives,
Serve but to gild the gloom of fate.

Mark, yon meteor's vivid track
Athwart the dun expanse of night;
More swift than space-controlling thought,
It mocks the keen pursuit of sight.

So bright and transient is the span,
Alas! too oft to Genius given,
Soon to empyrean air it mounts,
To join its kindred sons of heaven.

* This Gentleman has, at his own expence, erected an elegant cenotaph, not far from the church-yard of Stoke Pogis, where the body of Gray was buried.

Hark! again his lyre is heard,—
'Tis but the sound in Fancy's ear,
Harp'd to the lone enthusiast,
In modulations bold and clear.

Again! high jubilee friendship holds,
The mingling strains exulting flow;
With thine, O West,* his soul unites
In sweet oblivion of woe.

Ye sacred visions, holy joys!
And are ye virtue's future lot?
Sooth'd by the dear ecstatic hope,
Be friend-bereaving woes forgot.

Adieu, thrice consecrated spot,
To feeling, taste, and fancy dear;
May ev'ry flower and fragrant breath
Effuse its balmy odours here.

Oh, had I but his matchless art
T' unfold the feelings of my breast,
While fondly o'er his grave I bend,
To bid his gentle spirit rest;

Consenting breezes soft would blow,
In plaintive murmurs, o'er his head;
And dewy tears of sorrow fall,
And Nature's self lament the dead.

J. T.

COMMEMCEMENT OF A POEM

On DESPAIR.

Some to Aönian lyres of silver sound
With winning elegance attune their song,
Form'd to sink lightly on the soothed sense
And charm the soul with softest harmony;
'Tis then that Hope with sanguine eye is seen,
Roving thro' Fancy's gay futurity;
Her heart light dancing to the sounds of pleasure,
Pleasure of days to come—Mem'ry too then
Comes with her sister, Melancholy sad,

* A particular friend of Gray, whose loss he bewails in an elegant sonnet, pregnant with the tenderest sensibility, and rich with poetic imagery.

Pensively musing on the scenes of youth,
Scenes never to return.*
Such subjects merit poets us'd to raise
The attic verse harmonious, but for me
A dreadlier theme demands my backward hand,
And bids me strike the strings of dissonance
With frantic energy.
'Tis wan Despair I sing; if sing I can,
Of him before whose blast the voice of song,
And mirth, and hope, and happiness all fly,
Nor ever dare return. His notes are heard
At noon of night, where, on the coast of blood,
The lacerated son of Angola
Howls forth his suff'rings to the moaning wind;
And, when the awful silence of the night
Strikes the chill death-dew to the murd'rer's heart,
He speaks in every conscience-prompted word
Half uttered, half suppress'd.—
'Tis him I sing—Despair—terrific name,
Striking unsteadily the tremulous chord
Of tim'rous terror—Discord in the sound:
For to a theme revolting as is this,
Dare not I woo the maids of Harmony,
Who love to sit and catch the soothing sound
Of lyre Æolian, or the martial bugle,
Calling the hero to the field of glory,
And firing them with deeds of high emprise
And warlike triumph: but from scenes like mine
Shrink they affrighted, and detest the bard
Who dares to sound the hollow tones of horror.
Hence then, soft maids,
And woo the silken Zephyr in the bow'rs
By Heliconia's sleep-inviting stream;
For aid like yours I seek not; 'tis for pow'rs
Of darker hue t' inspire a verse like mine!
'Tis work for wizards, sorcerers, and fiends!

Hither, ye furious imps of Acheron,
Nurslings of hell, and beings shunning light,
And all the myriads of the burning concave:
Souls of the damned. Hither oh! come and join
Th' infernal chorus. 'Tis Despair I sing!
He, whose sole tooth inflicts a deadlier pang,

* Alluding to the two pleasing poems, the Pleasures of Hope and of Memory.

Than all your tortures join'd. Sing, sing Despair!
Repeat the sound, and celebrate his pow'r;
Unite shouts, screams, and agonizing shrieks,
Till the loud pæan ring thro' hell's high vault,
And the remotest spirits of the deep
Leap from the lake, and join the dreadful song.

Nottingham. H. K. WHITE.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

Our room will not permit us to mention the novelties of the past month at any length. We shall offer a few brief remarks upon some of the performances, and the remainder must be postponed till next month.

COVENT-GARDEN.

OCT. 6.—*Douglas, revived*, as it was expressed in the bills,—though with what propriety we are not aware, unless the manager considers as nothing the numerous representations of this popular tragedy which have taken place within these few years,---and *revived*, too, with such a *languor of animation*, that it relapsed instantaneously into its dormant state. We never remember to have seen this play performed with so little effect. The house was but indifferently attended, and the acting in general was cold and flat. Mr. Kemble did an unwise as well as an unjust thing, in taking *Old Norval* from Murray: it is the *chef d'œuvre* of that actor, and cannot be surpassed, for natural tenderness, and unaffected emotion. Mr. Kemble is utterly disqualified, both by nature and art, for a part of this description. His voice cannot assume those melting tones in which a man, borne down by years and laden with infirmities, would naturally relate a tale of distress; and the substitutes for pathos, which he borrows from art and study, are too obviously mechanical to awaken the sympathy of an audience. The decrepitude of body, too, was over-acted, while the voice in vain essayed to indicate the tremulousness of old age. The dress was quite original, and seemed to have been borrowed from the print of *Auld Robin Gray*, but it excited rather a ludicrous sensation, probably from its being *too correct*. The stage will not always admit of exact costume. Upon the whole, we think it will be an act of prudence in Mr. Kemble not to repeat a performance which can do him no credit, and may justly expose him to the severest critical reprehension. Mr. Cooke conceived the part of *Glenalvon* with accuracy and boldness; but the lofty demeanour of the Scotish chieftain was occasionally wanting, and his subtlety was not sufficiently imposing. Murray was doomed to suffer degradation as well as insult. He performed *Lord Randolph*, and, as if to make himself amends for the indignity he was this night sustaining, he heaped *Pelion upon Ossa*, in the passages applicable to the present political exigency. It was distressing to see a respectable performer *make the judicious grieve* in a character beneath his rank as an actor, while another admirable tragedian was exposing himself in a part to which the *Lord Randolph* of the night had frequently done such perfect justice. Mr. H. Siddons and his mother we have noticed on a former occasion, in *Douglas* and *Lady Randolph*.

17.—*Pizarro*,—got up with great pomp and expence of dress, decoration, &c. was acted for the first time at this theatre; but, besides the force of prepossession, which is in favour of the exhibition of this splendid spectacle at Drury-Lane, there are more rational grounds for its effect being necessarily grander at that house: the vastness of the theatre, and the height from the stage, which therefore admits a bolder expanse of scenery, (height and distance being both among the sources of the sublime) contribute to furnish a much more magnificent *coup d'œil* than this popular olio of music, pageantry, and pantomime, can possibly present at its rival theatre. Under this impression, we, from the first, questioned the *policy* (to say nothing of the *illiberality* of the measure) of acting this drama in opposition to Drury-Lane. It is true that the original *Rolla* and *Elvira* are now at Covent-Garden, and the merits of Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in these parts are unrivalled, and transcend all praise; but the popularity of *Pizarro* was never occasioned by individual actors in it; it was produced by a combination of glare and bustle, and music and procession, aided by novelty of subject, and those captivating flourishes of loyalty and patriotism, which are so palatable to the English people. The *furor* is now over, and *Pizarro* must take its humble station with the other gingerbread productions of the day, destined like them to re-appear at irregular intervals, for a night or two, as a *revival*, with a fresh coat of gold leaf and spangles.

A great novelty in the attraction was Mr. Cooke's *Pizarro*. On his appearance he was received with the most rapturous applause; but he soon betrayed evident marks of indisposition, and, after a few ineffectual efforts to proceed, he was obliged to withdraw. This disappointment caused a violent uproar, which lasted a considerable time. In the end, Mr. H. Siddons came forward in his stead, and the play, which had advanced into the second act, was, by desire of the audience, recommenced at eight o'clock. Mr. H. Siddons, whose readiness in these emergencies is surprising, acquitted himself with great credit, and was fervently applauded.

The piece has been superintended with infinite care, and liberality is every where conspicuous among the *paraphernalia*. The dresses are remarkably splendid, but *Ataliba* looked more like a *king of the gypsies*, or a chimney sweeper on May-day, than the sovereign of *Quito*, owing to the numerous tinsel devices which decorated his robe. It may be said that the dress is according to the costume of Peru; but supposing this, though we doubt it, what signifies the costume of a dress being correct, if the effect of it be dull, offensive and ludicrous, in a play whose immediate object is to dazzle by splendour, and fill the spectator with admiration and delight? *Costume*, with respect to the stage, is only to be considered as a ground-work on which taste and fancy are to build its ornaments.

20---*Pizarro*.---Mr. Cooke being recovered from his indisposition, appeared this evening in the *Spanish General*; it is a character that should be respectably sustained, though it rather affords an opportunity for good acting in others, than requires the exertion of any particular talent in its own support. *Orozimbo*, *Rolla*, *Alonzo* and *Elvira*, have each in their turn a peck at poor *Pizarro*, who listens very quietly to their several reproaches. Mr. Cooke, however, gave a stronger effect to some of the passages than they have hitherto produced, and his acting of the part, altogether, stamped additional value on the performance.

22.---Mr. Braham and Madame Storace made their first appearance for the season, in the opera of *Family Quarrels*, and were received, as they deserved, with the most enthusiastic applause on their *entrée*.

25.---*Henry V.*---Mr. Kemble's animated and dignified performance of Henry has before received our most particular notice. He is indeed " every inch a king," and worthy to represent the gallant hero who won the field of Agincourt. The play was very appropriately acted on the anniversary of that battle; and the thin attendance did not damp the ardour of the actors, nor the enthusiasm of the audience. The *Tale of Mystery* followed, in which Mr. H. Siddons, for the first time, appeared in Romaldi.

Nov. 2.—*Much Ado about Nothing.*—Miss Brunton performed Beatrice, as her second character, and appeared to much better advantage than in Lady Townly, though, considering her total inexperience with the stage, she certainly displayed the most promising talents in that arduous character. Miss Brunton's figure is extremely handsome and striking; her features are expressive of archness, vivacity, and all the joy-inspiring attributes of the comic muse; her voice is also exactly calculated for the lively dialogue of elegant comedy. Her tones do not so well accommodate themselves to serious speaking, as appeared from the scene of *Lady Townly's* repentance; but the provoking raillery and smart replies of *Beatrice* she gave with considerable point, and we think every expectation may reasonably be indulged of her future eminence, in the higher walks of comedy. Lewis, in Benedick, as in all his other characters, is unrivalled and inimitable.

3.—ARTHUR AND EMMELINE;---not precisely Dryden's, as the bills announced, but Garrick's alteration of Dryden's opera, was revived with an expence somewhat improvident. There is but one speech in the piece that applies to the present circumstances of the country; and magicians, and good and evil spirits, and all the monsters of the world of fairies, seem no longer in fashion; for the house was the worst within our recollection, and very few remained to watch the fall of the curtain. We shall thus quietly dismiss the masque of *Arthur and Emmeline,* once so popular on the stage; but we must not forget to observe, that Mrs. H. Siddons, in *Emmeline,* delighted us with one of the most interesting, chaste, and captivating specimens of acting which we have witnessed, on either stage, for a considerable length of time.

5.—*Fair Penitent*---and (1st time) *Raising the Wind.*—The only principal novelty in the cast of this tragedy is Mr. Cooke's *Sciolto;* the other important characters having been sustained at the other theatre by the same performers. Mr. Cooke was very impressive throughout the part, and in the last act the conflict between honour and affection, the rigid duties of the judge and the agony of the parent, were powerfully depicted. In the dying scene he was equally happy. The new farce is the production of a Mr. Kenney. The principal character is a *Diddler,* a man who lives by his wits, or by levying contributions on those who have none. The idea is not new to the stage. Lackland, and Spunge, in Reynolds's *Cheap Living,* are the dramatic progenitors of *Diddler;* but the author has shewn considerable skill and neatness in the conduct of his piece, which is full of life and bustle, and distinguished by several of those whimsical situations which it is the legitimate province of farce to exhibit. The success of this production the ingenious author may in a great measure claim as his own just due, but much of it is also undoubtedly owing to the exquisite comicality and inexhaustible spirit of Mr. Lewis in the principal character. We have a right, from this pleasant specimen, to expect much future entertainment from Mr. Kenney, whom we congratulate on the dexterity he has shewn in *raising the wind.* A well-written prologue preceded the performance.

12.—*Three per Cents or no Wife no Money.*—Some opposition being made to this comedy, towards its close, the author immediately withdrew it, though we are of opinion that if it had been performed a second time, with the objectionable points expunged, the piece would have gone the usual number of nights. It will not now be necessary to go into any detail of the plot, &c. Mrs. Cresswell from the Dublin stage, afterwards made her appearance in *Virginia*, (Paul and Virginia:) she sings very sweetly, is an interesting figure, and seems to possess more merit as an actress than belongs in general to professed singers.

14---Mrs. Creswell in *Ophelia*, confirmed and increased the reputation which she acquired in Virginia.

16---*Lock and Key.*---Mr. Byrne, in Incledon's part of *Cheerly*, was favourably received. He sings with some degree of taste, and would be an acquisition to the theatre, were it less rich in vocal merit of the most exquisite order.

DRURY-LANE.

Oct. 27th.---*Edward the Black Prince* was performed on this evening, as a play in unison with the feelings of the nation at this interesting crisis. It was well acted by Pope, in the Black Prince, Raymond, Barrymore, and Mrs. Young; and was prefaced by some animated lines from the classical pen of Sir James Burges. The audience was not numerous, and it is somewhat remarkable, that the plays which are revived for the purpose of meeting the sentiment which now fills the bosom of every Briton, are played almost to empty benches. Is it that Englishmen prefer the tented to the mimic field? It is certain that they want not the eloquence of poetry to inspire them with patriotic ardour.

The Wife of two Husbands—Scapin in Masquerade—Hearts of Oak, *&c. in our next.*

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.—The managers of this theatre have been trying the experiment of a winter company, and, considering that the times are not favourable to dramatic amusements, the result has been as successful as could reasonably have been expected. Braham and Storace, however, did not attract so much as might have been imagined from their very superior merits, and their immense popularity in London. Cooper, who played a night or two in the summer, on his way to Ireland, has since rejoined the company, which now consists of Messrs. Young, Mathews, Cooper, H. Lewis, Grant, Smith, Howard, Shepherd, Shaw, Ryley, Penley, Benwell, Woodward, Moreton, Postlethwaite, Banks, Hamerton, Mrs. Chapman, Miss Grimani, Miss Biggs, Miss Smith, Miss Sims, Mrs. Margerum, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Penley, Mrs. Moreton, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Shaw. Mr. Mathews, the popular comedian from the Haymarket theatre, made his appearance in *Pedrillo*, and *Sir David Dunder*;—he was received with the loudest applause, and is become a vast favourite with the town. His *Old Wiggins*, *Dan* in *John Bull*, and *Risk* in *Love laughs at Locksmiths*, have been particularly admired. Mrs. Mathews is the Lydia in the last mentioned piece, which she renders extremely interesting. Mr. H. Lewis is constantly improving in his profession, and promises to become a very excellent comedian.

Theatre COLESHILL.—"We have a company of comedians here, of which Hillyard is the manager, and who is so good a one, that, with the assistance of eight others, he manages to perform many plays, which require twice the number of persons in London. A Mr. George is the Roscius of the company. I am informed that George is not his real name; only assumed, I suppose, on account of his relations, "who had rather have seen him starve, than he should have turned stage-player." This is the common cant of theatrical candidates. They have performed several comedies, in a style which would not have disgraced a better theatre, viz. *Laugh when you can, Wives as they were, Beaux Stratagem, Poor Gentleman,* &c. We have had but few tragedies, though it may be truly said of the theatre, that there "blood has been shed ere now in the olden time," for it was once a *slaughter-house.* I saw *Pizarro,* which, I assure you will *bear no comparison* with the representation at Drury-Lane, and in one instance our manager fairly outdid his London rival, for he advertised "the *virgins of the sun* to be performed by some *ladies of the town!*"

Blue Beard, declared in the play bill to be 'the most striking and delightful drama ever represented on the British stage,' was performed for one of the benefits, with Richard III. as an after-piece!!

"The success they have met with has been considerable, considering the smallness of the place. Coleshill and its environs boast of many people who have taste and spirit to encourage the 'Brief chronicle of the times.'

"P. S. *On the night I was there, there were upwards of* FIVE POUNDS *in the house!!!*"

Theatre LINCOLN.—Mr. Editor—Having seen, in the Mirror for October, an account of the Lincoln company, which was by no means a candid statement, I hope you will endeavour to give the present one a place as early as possible.

Shakespeare's play of Cymbeline was got up on Friday, Nov. 4, (for Mrs. T. Robertson's benefit) with more splendour and attention than we have seen here for some years. Posthumus, by Mr. Brooke, was sustained with great success, and in a manner that convinced us he spares no pains in endeavouring to improve himself. Mr. Robson's Jachimo was every thing we could wish in point of acting, but his figure is not quite weighty enough for the part; he possesses abilities however which would place him above mediocrity in any theatre. Mrs. T. Robertson was a very fascinating Imogen, and the rest of the characters were well supported. *Love laughs at Locksmiths* was the farce: *Captain Beldare* by Mr. [illegible]anton, who improves daily; *Risk,* by Mr. Adcock, who performed the part extremely well, and gave the songs of the *Farm Yard* and *Miss Bailey* with great effect. The sameness of manner, attributed to this gentleman in your last Mirror, we have not been able to discover. Mr. Robertson's *Solomon Lob* (as are all his countrymen) was very good. Mr. Brown displayed much humour in *Totterton,* and Mr. Wilde, in *Vigil,* was very respectable. Mrs. Brunton sang the airs of *Lydia* in an excellent style, and played the part with her usual *naiveté.* Our *great actor,* Mr. Smedley, so outrageously commended last month, was by no means adequate to several of the characters he performed, and Mrs. Smedley, our *comedy actress,* strange to tell! has not yet made her appearance, except to deliver messages, while little Mrs. Townshend, who has a deal of merit, and plays in the comedy business every night, was entirely forgotten.

CANDIDUS.

Theatre SHEERNESS---(Nov. 17, 1803) opened about a month since, with a respectable company, under the management of Mr. Jerrold. On Monday, Nov. 14, the theatre was honoured by the presence of the Port Admiral, and a very brilliant assemblage of elegance and fashion, to see the comedy of *John Bull*. Job Thornberry was represented by a Mr. Cobham, who entered fully into the spirit of the part, and exhibited, with much pathos, the manly energy and parental affection which the author intended to pourtray. *Sir Simon*, *Frank Rochdale*, and *Shuffleton*, were respectably performed by Messrs. Jerrold, Holding, and Moore, and the sentiments of *Peregrine* were delivered, by Mr. Sealy, with correctness and propriety. *Dennis Brulgruddery* was performed by Mr. Davis, who merits a very high degree of approbation, for the comic humour he exhibited, and Mr. Oxberry's *Dan* was certainly a most humorous and correct performance. Miss Henderson, in the character of *Mary Thornberry*, was extremely interesting, and Mrs. Jerrold and Mrs. Simcock deserve praise for their performance of *Lady Caroline Braymore* and *Mrs. Brulgruddery*.

The farce (*Of Age To-morrow*) was received with very considerable approbation, and the company seems likely to be successful. The theatre is fitted up with more than usual elegance.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

ON Tuesday, November 22, his Majesty came down to the house, and delivered the following most gracious speech :---

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Since I last met you in parliament, it has been my chief object to carry into effect those measures which your wisdom had adopted for the defence of the United Kingdom, and for the vigorous prosecution of the war. In these preparations, I have been seconded by the voluntary exertions of all ranks of my people, in a manner that has, if possible, strengthened their claims to my confidence and affection: they have proved that the menaces of the enemy have only served to rouse their native and hereditary spirit; and that all other considerations are lost in a general disposition to make those efforts and sacrifices which the honour and safety of the kingdom demand at this important and critical conjuncture.

Though my attention has principally been directed to the great object of internal security, no opportunity has been lost of making an impression on the foreign possessions of the enemy. The Islands of St. Lucia, of Tobago, of St. Pierre, and Miquelon, and the settlements of Demerara and Essequibo, have surrendered to the Brstish arms. In the conduct of the operations by which those valuable acquisitions have been made, the utmost promptitude and zeal have been displayed by the officers employed on those services, and by my forces acting under their command by sea and land.

In Ireland, the leaders, and several inferior agents, in the late traitorous and atrocious conspiracy, have been brought to justice; and the public tranquillity has

experienced no further interruption. I indulge the hope, that such of my deluded subjects as have swerved from their allegiance, are now convinced of their error; and that, having compared the advantages they derive from the protection of a free constitution, with the condition of those countries which are under the dominion of the French government, they will cordially and zealously concur in resisting any attempt that may be made against the security and independence of my United Kingdom.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I have a perfect reliance on your public spirit for making such provision as may be necessary for the service of the year. The progressive improvement of the revenue cannot fail to encourage you to persevere in the system which has been adopted, of defraying the expences of the war, with as little addition as possible to the public debt, and to the permanent burthens of the state.

I lament the heavy pressure which, under the present circumstances, must unavoidably be experienced by my people; but I am persuaded that they will meet it with the good sense and fortitude which so eminently distinguish their character, under a conviction of the indispensible importance of upholding the dignity, and of providing effectually for the safety of the empire.

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

I have concluded a convention with the King of Sweden, for the purpose of adjusting all the differences which have arisen on the subject of the eleventh article of the treaty of 1661. I have directed that a copy of this convention should be laid before you; and you will, I trust, be of opinion that the arrangment, whilst it upholds our maritime rights, is founded on those principles of reciprocal advantage which are best calculated to maintain and improve the good understanding which happily subsists between the two countries.

In the prosecution of the contest in which we are engaged, it shall be, as it has ever been, my first object to execute, as becomes me, the great trust committed to my charge. Embarked with my brave and loyal people in one common cause, it is my fixed determination, if the occasion should arise, to share their exertions and their dangers in the defence of our constitution, our religion, our laws, and independence. To the activity and valour of my fleets and armies, to the zeal and unconquerable spirit of my faithful subjects, I confide the honour of my crown, and all those valuable interests which are involved in the issue of this momentous contest.

Actuated by these sentiments, and humbly imploring the blessing of Divine Providence, I look forward with a firm conviction, that if, contrary to all just expectation, the enemy should elude the vigilance of my numerous fleets and cruizers, and attempt to execute their presumptuous threat of invading our coasts, the consequence will be to them, discomfiture, confusion, and disgrace; and that our's will not only be the glory of surmounting present difficulties, and repelling immediate danger, but the solid and permanent advantage of fixing the safety and independence of the kingdom, on the basis of acknowledged strength, the result of its own tried energy and resources.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

Private advices state Bonaparte's arrival on the coast. A few days previous thereto, he went on board a gun-boat on the Seine, and exercised the men in the manœuvres of invasion; they had, as usual, their knapsacks on their backs, and their muskets slung to their sides. It appears, however, that the Consul has at length consented not to risk "his person and fortune" in the hopeless expedition against this country. According to private letters, the farcical ceremony of entreaty took place on the 27th ult. The hour of three, on the 28th, was appointed for the deputation from all the constituted authorities to wait on him, and beseech him not to hazard their prosperity, and the welfare of the state, by exposing himself to the perils of the expedition. The eagerness and impatience of his friends and the legislative bodies, however, precipitated the affecting scene, and at two o'clock there was posted on the walls of the Palais Royal the following placard:

"*St. Cloud, Oct. 27. six o'clock in the evening.*

"The country is saved once more—Bonaparte will not leave it."

"The orators of the Senate and the Tribunate attempted in vain to address the First Consul; their agitation, gentle souls! overcame them. One of these, (M. De Jancourt) incapable of giving expression to his feelings, threw himself at the feet of the Consul, and extended his arms towards him. Bonaparte sprung forward, and folded him in his arms. A mixture of prayers, tears, and embraces, succeeded. The First Consul began to be affected, and the scene terminated by his concession to the wishes of the French nation! Such is said to have been the farcical scene exhibited on that truly ridiculous occasion. What an insulting mockery!

Elfi Bey.—Mahommed Elfi, the Mameluke chief lately arrived in this country, was born in Georgia, and purchased, when a child, by Murad Bey, for one thousand sequens. He was uncommonly beautiful, and got the surname of Elfi, which, in the Turkish language, signifies one thousand sequens. At the age of fifteen, he was made an Aga, for the extraordinary bravery he displayed against some of the rebel Beys. In consequence of an insult offered him by Murad, he deserted from that chief, and joined the insurgents. Murad, however, repenting of what he had done, recalled Elfi, and loaded him with fresh favours. Passing over the intermediate rank of Kiaschief, he raised him to a rank equal to his own.—Elfi Bey is remarkable for his courage, agility, and uncommon address and prowess on horseback. He has repeatedly cut off the head of a buffalo, at full gallop, with one stroke of his sabre. He is forty-three or forty-four years old, about five feet eight inches high, and very corpulent. His countenance is open, and his manners are affable. He is a man of strong natural abilities, but his mind is uncultivated. He can read and write, which is a very uncommon thing among the Mamelukes. He never was brought to terms by the French, during the whole time of their continuance in Egypt; but constantly remained in the desart, (on which account he called himself the antelope,) and baffled five divisions of Bonaparte's army, who were in constant pursuit of him.

Elfi Bey, we understand, is not to be presented at court. He cannot be recognised as the representative of any potentate, whilst he and his fellow Beys are actually in rebellion against their lawful sovereign, the Grand Seignior, with

whom we are engaged in alliance, and the integrity of whose territories they are bound to guarantee. The *Corps Diplomatique* has made a formal stir on the occasion, but their apprehensions of irregularity were done away by an official notice from the Right Hon. Mr. Yorke, to the Bey, intimating, that, though he might avail himself of private hospitalities, he could not formally be received at the levee.

It has been proved, by a recent experiment, that the communications by signal can be made known from the various points of the coast to fifty miles inland, within a quarter of an hour.

It having been stated, that twelve of the homeward-bound Jamaica fleet, under convoy of the Leviathan, had been captured, we are happy to correct this mis-statement by the following authentic accounts of the ships which are not yet arrived, but of whose arrival no apprehension appears to be entertained: The Actæon, Drysdale, for London; Diana, Richardson, for Liverpool; Caledonia, Mair; Elizabeth, ------; and Fortune, Alexander, for Clyde; Lady Kenmare, Smith; and Lady Boyle, ------, for Cork.

An alteration is to take place in the mode of executing criminals in the Old Bailey. In lieu of the cumbrous machine brought on these occasions before the debtor's door, a platform is to drop from the front, and through a new door the culprit will pass immediately from the chapel gallery to the place of execution.

The public will rejoice to hear that the corps of riflemen are daily augmenting, and as the principles and objects of this species of warfare come to be more known, there is no doubt but that similar bodies will be formed all over the country. It is true that a rifleman fights always in ambush; instead of presenting himself openly to his adversary, he seeks shelter behind every bush, hillock, and tree; but his adversary does the same, and it is an incessant trial of skill, vigilance, and activity between them. No man is so obnoxious to danger; for an unguarded exposure of the person for a single instant is almost certain death. It is, therefore, a gallant and hazardous, as well as a most useful service. Since it is admitted into legitimate war, we must resort to it; and certainly no country is so peculiarly adapted to this species of annoyance as Great Britain, where every hedge, ditch, bush, and briar, will be the means of stopping the progress of an invading enemy.

Of the *Divine Mission* of Buonaparte the following proofs are taken from his own *assertions*, in his *address* to the chicks in Egypt:---

"*Destiny* itself directs all *my operations.*

"*Every thing* in this vast universe is subject to the *empire of destiny.*

"I am *terrible* as the *fire* of *Heaven.*

"The *period* will arrive, when the *whole world* shall have evidence that *I am* conducted by the *orders* of the *Most High*, and that all *human efforts* against *me must be ineffectual.*

"Those who *declare* against me shall have *no refuge* either in this or the *next world.*

"It is right you should be informed that all *human efforts* are *useless* against me; for every thing *I undertake must succeed.*

"Such as avow themselves *my friends, prosper*; whilst those who declare themselves my *enemies, perish.*"

FROM THE GAZETTE.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Horse Guards, October 29, 1803.---His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief has received the King's command to convey to the several volunteer and associated corps, which were reviewed in Hyde Park on the 26th and 28th inst. His Majesty's highest approbation of their appearance, which has equalled His Majesty's utmost expectation.

His Majesty perceives, with heartfelt satisfaction, that the spirit of loyalty and patriotism, on which the system of the armed volunteers throughout the kingdom was originally founded, has risen with the exigencies of the times, and at this moment forms such a bulwark to the constitution and liberties of the country, as will enable us, under the protection of providence, to bid defiance to the unprovoked malice of our enemies, and to hurl back, with becoming indignation, the threats which they have presumed to vent against our independence, and even our existence as a nation.

"His Majesty has observed with peculiar pleasure, that, amongst the unprecedented exertions which the present circumstances of the country have called forth, those of the capital of his united kingdom have been eminently conspicuous: the appearance of its numerous and well-regulated volunteer corps, which were reviewed on the 26th and the 28th instant, indicates a degree of attention and emulation, both in officers and men, which can proceed only from a deep sense of the important objects for which they have enrolled themselves, a just estimation of the blessings we have so long enjoyed, and a firm and manly determination to defend them like Britons, and transmit them unimpaired to our posterity.

The Commander in Chief has the highest satisfaction in discharging his duty, by communicating these His Majesty's most gracious sentiments, and requests that the commanding officers will have recourse to the readiest means of making the same known to their respective corps.

(Signed) FREDERICK, *Commander in Chief.*

Total effective in the field, fourteen thousand six hundred and seventy-six.

HARRY CALVERT. Adj. Gen.

His Majesty was accompanied by all the Royal Family, with the exception of the Prince of Wales, and attended by a great number of general officers, as well as by the Foreign Ambassadors, the French Princes, Monsieur (Count D'Artois), Prince of Conde, Duke of Bourbon, Duke of Berri, and Duke of Montpensier, with Generals Pichegru and Dumourier, all in their national uniform, with their stars of honour, &c.

We may fairly caculate that about one eighth of the volunteers actually enrolled were absent, from necessary business, or other impediments; so that, on the whole, it is not an unreasonable estimate to calculate the London army, which is now ready to take the field, at less than thirty thousand effective men. The corps also in the vicinity of the metropolis, already trained, may be calculated at about eight thousand more; so that a small comparative district can send out, at almost an hour's notice, a body of about forty thousand to meet the invader, besides considerable corps of pikemen, pioneers, &c.

The wives and families of volunteers called out into actual service, who are left unable to support themselves, will be entitled to such and the like relief, and

under such and the like circumstances, as the wives and families of militia men, under the acts of 43 Geo. III. ch. 47 and 89.

The following official return of our Volunteer force has been made at the War Office:----Infantry, 297,502; Cavalry, 31,600; Artillery, 6,207. Total, 335,209. If we add to these our regulars and militia, we too may boast our 500,000 fighting men.

A passage in the speech of the Lord Chief Baron, addressed to the Lord Mayor, on his being sworn into office, is particularly interesting. In congratulating the city of London on having entrusted its *keys* to a person of so much worth and consideration, his Lordship said, "An attempt will *infallibly* be made to wrest them from you."

The following pleasant sally, in ridicule of original correspondence, will afford some amusement to our readers:

"*Dunkirk, Friday, Nov.* 4, 1803, *one o'clock*, 30 *min.* 15 *sec. A. M.*

"Bonaparte is just arrived in a balloon, and all his generals are expected in an hour with the telegraph. Sixty thousand cavalry, under General Davoust, are ordered to man sixty ships of the line. Thirty regiments of dragoons, thirty frigates, and one hundred regiments of Hussars, are in requisition to manœuvre four thousand gun boats. The flat-bottomed boats are to be carried over to England by the light infantry, and the grenadiers are to fix the floating batteries to protect the passage. Telegraphs are ordered to be erected in the middle of the British Channel, and in the German Sea, half way between France and England. All the guides are ready *ballooned*, and a parachute is attached to Bonaparte's wooden house. The First Consul's bed is fixed in a life boat. Madame Bonaparte, and her maids of honour, are all full dressed in cork jackets; and the Senate, Council of State, Legislative Body, the Tribunate, with all the Ministers, Prefects, Bishops, Cardinals, and the whole Legion of Honour, have put on jack boots, lined with cork.---The flying artillery is ready, and waits only for a fair wind to blow it over to England.

"Health and fraternity,

"CITIZEN PUFF."

P. S. Two o'clock, A. M.

"The Council of State are now deliberating whether it will be safer to carry the gun boats in balloons, or the balloons in the gun boats; to send the flat-bottomed boats with the telegraphs, or the telegraphs with the flat-bottomed boats."

Advertisement stuck up at Charlestown, Carolina, by a German, who had lost his horse:

He is run avay agen, mine little pack horse; I rite him two tays en midle te nite, and ven he not vill see shumpting, he shumps as if te divel vas int, and he trows me town; I not have sich fall since pefore I vas pornt. I buy him top on Jacob Shintel Clymer; he hav five white feet pefore, mit von plack snip on his nose, von eye vill look plue like glass. He is pranded mit John Keisler Stanger, on his pehind side, py his tail.

Whoever vill take up de said horse, and pring him to me, top of mine house, near Congaree, shall pay me two tollars revard, en if dey vill not pring me mine horse agen, I vill put de law in force ginst all de *peoples*.

The following singular circumstance lately occurred at Beenstan, in York-

shire:---As Mr. Pettye, baker, and his wife were returning home in their bread-cart, in turning into the yard, the cart was overturned, when Mrs. Pettye fell with her neck directly under the wheel, and her husband was fixed between the wall and the cart. While in this perilous situation, his dog rushed forward, and seizing the horse by the nose, effectually prevented him from stirring till Mr. Pettye, with great difficulty, extricated himself.

The following afflicting circumstance lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Morris's River, in West New Jersey, America.---A woman went in search of a hen's nest, and finding a hollow tree lying on the ground, supposed the fowl might be in it, and sent a little girl, her daughter, to look for it; the child no sooner entered the tree, than she informed her mother the hen bit at her, and would not come off the nest; the mother told the child to pull her off. After waiting a short space, and hearing nothing of the child, she called to her, but received no answer. The father of the child being called, he split open the tree, and found several rattle-snakes entwined round the body of the child, and one round her neck. She had been bitten in several places, and was quite dead.

When the Temple corps was inspected by the Earl of Harrington, his Lordship, as he rode along the line, before the review, stopped to salute its commander, and jocosely said, "This is the *Law Association*, Sir?"---"Yes, my Lord." To which the Earl rejoined, "I don't find any one that speaks a word; I never knew lawyers so *silent!*" Colonel Erskine jocosely replied, "We have *no pay*, my Lord."

On Nov. 1, in obedience to an order of the House of Commons, the agents for Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Mainwaring exchanged their list of objections to the voters who polled at the last Middlesex election. The numbers objected to on the part of Sir F. Burdett were 2367; on the part of Mr. Mainwaring, 2194. Difference in favour of Sir F. Burdett, 173.

The numbers on the poll were---

For Sir F. Burdett, - - - - - -	3207
W. Mainwaring, Esq. - - - - -	2936
Majority for Sir F. B. - - - - - -	271

Air Balloon.---*Venice, Oct.* 14.---Count Francis Zambeccari, of Bologna, Dr. Grassetti, of Rome, and M. Pasqual, of Ancona, had prepared a very large air balloon, which on Friday, the 7th instant, they filled in the city of Bologna. The filling proceeding very slowly, it was not full till about midnight, when the people obliged them to ascend. The balloon rose with prodigious velocity, and soon attained such a height, that Count Zambeccari and Dr. Grasetti, benumbed with cold, sunk into a kind of insensibility and a deep sleep.

M. Pasqual, who was awake, could not ascertain the height, because the wax light they had carried with them in a lanthorn was gone out. About half after two in the morning the balloon began to descend, and M. Pasqual distinctly heard the dashing of the waves of the Adriatic sea on the coast of Romagna. He then awakened his companions. Soon after, the balloon fell into the Adriatic sea.—The aeronauts threw out every thing they had with them, after which the balloon rose a second time with great rapidity. Soon after three the balloon again descended, and a brisk south-west wind drove it over the Adriatic sea, towards the coast of Istria. The car frequently touched the water, and for five hours the adventurers were in momentary danger of death.---At length, on Saturday morn-

ing, about eight o'clock, they were taken up, and rescued from the perilous situation in which they were, by the Menxara, (a kind of large bark) of Antony Bazoi, about ten Italian miles from the harbour of Veruda, in Istria. The aeronauts came in the same ship, with their hands and feet entirely benumbed with cold, to Parla, a port in Istria, where they remained four days to recover from their fatigues. This aërial voyage from the coast of Romagna to Istria, is a distance of twenty German miles, (about one hundred and twenty English.)

BIRTHS.

At Swillington Hall, Lady Elizabeth Lowther, of a son. At Wortley Hall, Yorkshire, Lady C. S. Wortley, of a daughter. In the Island of Guernsey, the Lady of Sir James Saumarez, of a son. The Lady of Lord Viscount Falkland, of a son. At Rome, the Queen of Sardinia, of twin Princesses, who were baptized the following day by the Pope, and received the names of Maria Theresa, and Marianna. Of sons, Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Litchfield, both of Covent-Garden theatre. The Countess of Meath. Lady Catherine Brownlow.

MARRIAGES.

At Guernsey, J. Cameron, Esq. to Miss A. Brock, niece of Admiral Sir J. Saumarez. The Rev. T. Whalley, rector of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, to Miss C. M. Packe, of Prestwould, in Leicestershire.

DEATHS.

A few days since, aged ninety-four, Capt. T. Burton, the oldest officer in his Majesty's service. He was formerly of the Coldstream Guards, in which he lost his arm in the battle of Fontenoy. At Wonerch, near Guildford, the Right Hon. Lady Grantley, aged ninety-five. The Hon. and Rev. R. De Courcy, many years vicar of St. Alkmond's, in Shrewsbury. At Twickenham, Lord Frederick Cavendish, uncle to the Duke of Devonshire and Lord G. H. Cavendish, in the seventy-fourth year of his age; he was immensely rich, and the bulk of his fortune is left to Lord G. H. Cavendish, his nephew. At Ardsalla, Meath, Earl Ludlow; he is succeeded in his honours by his eldest son, Lord Preston. At the East-India House, Sir Lionel Darell, Bart. At Litchwoods, near Birmingham, aged sixty, Jonathan Grundy, Esq. At Harrow, aged fifteen, Soame Jenyns. Lately, of the wounds which he received at Morne Fortune, in the Island of St. Lucia, Lieut. Col. G. Morden. At Trentham Hall, Staffordshire, Granville Leveson Gower, Marquis of Stafford, Earl Gower, Viscount Trentham, Baron Gower, K. G. His Lordship is succeeded by Earl Gower, his eldest son, who was married in the year 1785, to the Countess of Sutherland, now Marchioness of Stafford. The late Marquis was first married in 1744, to Elizabeth, the daughter of Nicholas Fazackerley, Esq. His second marriage was in March 28th, 1748, to Louisa Egerton, daughter of Scrope, Duke of Bridgewater. His Lordship was allied to many of the principal families in Great Britain. He formerly held some high situations of honour and trust in His Majesty's service.